The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY: JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GALENA, March 3d.

DEAR REVOLUTION: As you look at the date, dear readers, your patriotic hearts will palpitate to think that the women of THE REVOLUTION have taken possession of the home of the President, and propose to hold a Woman's Suffrage Convention right under the very shadow of his flag-staff, peering up beside one chimney of a large square brick house with a flat roof. Said house is situated on a high hill with pleasant grounds about. At the present writing I am on the opposite hill under the hospitable roof of "Sarah Coates," whose name appears in the reports of all the early Ohio conventions. She is now Mrs. Harris. We arrived here this morning at six o'clock, and found good Mr. Harris waiting for us at the depot. He is one of the oldest and wealthiest inhabitants in the county. They have a beautiful home, surrounded with every comfort and luxury.

Mrs. Harris is a noble woman, tall, fine-looking, and moves about among her household gods like a queen. Although she has a large family of black-eyed, rosy-cheeked children, pictures, statuary, a cabinet of rare minerals, a conservatory of beautiful plants, and a husband who thinks her but little lower than the angels, she still demands the right to vote, and occasionally indulges in the luxury of public speaking. She is the moving spirit in every step of progress in Galena, and was the president of the convention. We have had a most enthusiastic meeting, three sessions, and house crowded throughout on an admission fee of twenty-five cents. The women all over the west are wide awake. Theodore Tilton had just preceded us, and some ladies laughingly told us that Theodore said they would *certainly* vote in *twenty years!!*

Let our cold-blooded eastern reformers understand that ideas, like grains, grow fast in the west, and that women here intend to vote now, "right along," as the Hutchinson's sing.

The editor of the *Independent* may talk of twenty years down on the Hudson among the Rip Van Winkles in Spooky Hollow, to H. G. in New York, or W. P. at the "Hub," but never to western audiences, or to the women of THE REVOLUTION. Why, my dear friend, Mr. Tilton, when you go to the Senate, some wise woman will sit on your right, and some black man on your left. You are to pay the penalty of your theorizing and be sandwiched between a woman and a black man in all the laws and constitutions before five years pass over your curly head. Twenty years! Why, Theodore, I expect to be walking the golden streets of the new Jerusalem by that time, talking with Noah, Moses and Aaron, about the flood, the Pharoahs, the journey through the Red Sea and the Wilderness. We shall be holding conventions by that time on the banks of the Jordan with Eve, Sarah, Rebecca, Huldah, Deborah, Miriam, Ruth, Naomi, Sheba, Esther, Vashti, Mary, Elizabeth, Priscilla and Phebe, Tryphena and Tryphosa, and all the strong-minded women honorably mentioned in sacred history. Do you not know, Theodore, that I have vowed never to go disfranchised into the Kingdom of Heaven? In the meantime, I propose to discuss sanitary and sumptuary laws, finance, and free trade, religion and railroads, education and elections with such worthies as yourself in the councils of the American republic. Twenty years! Why, every white male in the nation will be tied to an apron-string by that time, while all the poets and philosophers will be writing essays on "The Sphere of Man!"

We found the good men and women of Galena filled with faith in the new President. They say he is a sober, honest, true man; that he will entirely revolutionize affairs at Washington, send the old political hacks to their homes, drive bribery and corruption from high places, and draw a new order of statesmen about him. May the good angels guide and strengthen him, for unless something is soon done to rouse the slumbering virtue of the American people, our sun will set in darkness to rise no more. Feeling the deepest interest in the past, the present, and the future of Ulysses, we asked a thousand questions concerning him. Among other things, I proposed to go to the tannery where he used to work, but I found that was a myth. I peeped into some of the stores where, in his leisure hours, he used to smoke the pipe of peace, and fancied that in walking up and down the streets my feet might be treading in his footsteps. What a fascination there is in the material surroundings of great souls, and in contact with the people who have seen and loved them! But, alas! how little of the inner life, that is most interesting to hear about, mortals ever reveal to one another.

Galena is situated on a number of high hills, surrounded by a bold, rough country. The Galena river passes through the town and the business part is in the valley. It used to be a great business centre, but since the railroad and Dubuque put their heads together to plot against its welfare, its glory has departed, and it is now as silent as its great chief in whose hand lies the destiny of this nation.

On the way from Galena to Toledo we met Frederick Douglass, dressed in a cap and great circular cape of wolf skins. He really presented a most formidable and ferocious aspect. I thought perhaps he intended to illustrate "William the Silent" in his norhern dress, as well as to depict his character in his Lyceum lecture. As I had been talking against the pending amendment of "manhood suffrage," I trembled in my shoes and was almost as paralyzed as Red Riding Hood in a similar encounter. But unlike the little maiden, I had a friend at hand and, as usual, in the hour of danger, I fell back in the shadow of Miss Anthony, who stepped forward bravely and took the wolf by the hand. His hearty words of welcome and gracious smile reassured me, so that when my turn came I was able to meet him with the

usual "*suaviter in modo.*" Our joy in shaking hands here and there with Douglass, Tilton and Anna Dickinson, through the West was like meeting ships at sea; as pleasant and as fleeting. Douglass's hair is fast becoming as white as snow, which adds greatly to the dignity and purity of his countenance. We hear his lecture on "William the Silent" much praised. Mr. Tilton's lecture too, on "Statesmanship," is said to be the best he has ever delivered. We had an earnest debate with Douglass as far as we journeyed together, and were glad to find that he was gradually working up to our ideas on the question of Suffrage. He is at present hanging by the eye-lids half way between the lofty position of Robert Purvis, and the narrow one of his son, Dr. Purvis and George W. Downing. As he will attend the Woman Suffrage Anniversary in New York in May, we shall have an opportunity for a full and free discussion of the whole question.

At Chicago we met Col. Anthony of Leavenworth on his way to Washington. With him we discussed the Finance of THE REVOLUTION, Butler and Carey's speeches, and Greenbacks as a circulating medium. We fully agreed that a speedy return to specie payment would be national suicide, and that the next revolution in this country would be one of the laboring classes against Capital. Why is it that our statesmen do not more clearly see the great immutable laws, on which all political economy is based, and legislate more wisely on Trade and Finance.

TOLEDO, Ohio.

At two o'clock in the morning we reached Toledo, drove to the Oliver House, registered our names, left some notes for friends, who would be looking for us next day, and then retired, giving orders not to be called until noon, even for the king of France.

At the appointed hour our friend, Mr. Israel Hall, formerly of Syracuse, was announced. He invited us to his hospitable home, where we stayed during the Convention, which was held in Hunker's Hall and pronounced a complete success. At the close of the meetings, a rising vote was called of all those in favor of Woman's Suffrage. The entire audience, men and women, rose as if one body. Two dissenting "white males" came to the surface in opposition, to the great amusement of everybody (small men of course). The platform throughout the meetings was occuped by some of the leading men and women of the city. Judge Jones called the convention to order and presided over its deliberations. There was no lack of questions in Toledo, but they were all cunningly propounded in writing. This was a new feature in our meetings and we were much struck with its wisdom. The questioner in an audience, no matter how bland and benevolent, is always viewed with aversion, and, however well armed at all points, is sure to be unhorsed by a brilliant sally of wit and ridicule. But when a poser is put in black and white, nothing will do but downright logic and argument. To that *unwomanly* work we addressed ourselves in the Toledo convention, and all admitted that we gave most satisfactory answers. It was announced the last evening that the next day Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton would receive their friends at Mrs. Hall's, and from nine to five the parlors were crowded. Among others, we were happy to meet Richard Mott (brother-in-law of Lucretia Mott) with his daughter. He bears a strong resemblance to his brother, James Mott, now in the spirit land. Mrs. Ashley, too, honored us with her presence. Mr. Ashley's term in Congress has just expired. I told her I hoped that grand speech of her husband's against the second term system, Vice-Presidents and caucusses had not cost him his place. She is a tall, fine looking woman, of good conversational powers and rare common sense. Most people regard Ashley's defeat as a great calamity for Ohio. Several distinguished democrats as well as republicans called to express their interest in our demands. Col. De Wolfe, Superintendent of Public Instruction, invited us to visit the High School, which, in its plan and appointments, is far superior to anything in New York. The third story is devoted to a Gymnasium, where an enthusiastic German drills boys and girls alike in all the mysteries of his art. While visiting the different rooms I noticed there was an unusual moving of classes, a general filing of Battalions up to the great Hall, and soon learned, to my dismay, that Miss Anthony and I were expected to address the children. Verily "greatness has its perils," what could I say appropriate to children of all sizes was the question. However, I whispered to Col. De Wolfe to introduce Miss Anthony first, hoping that through her opening struggles I might be borne into the power of linking a few extemporaneous sentences together. I hoped she might be unusually long and inspired, but although she spoke well she was short. However, in her good common sense way she had struck a dozen notes to which my soul responded, and I followed.

Mrs. Israel Hall is the one who heads the Woman's rebellion in Toledo. To her let all those write and go who wish to work in that part of the Lord's vineyard. We are glad to see by the papers that while we have been so enthusiastically received in the West, Lucy Stone is drawing crowded houses in all the chief cities of New England. Homeward bound.

E. C. S.

UP BROADWAY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

(Continued.)

"Oh! my dear lady," she continued, "there never was such happiness since the bliss Adam and Eve enjoyed in the garden of Eden, as we experienced for more than a year. My husband often remained away from me all night, telling me that business compelled him; but he would invariably make it up by remaining by my side the greater portion of the succeeding day. I had no care, no responsibility. Life was love, and love was life. I ate it, drank it, feasted upon it, revelled in it. In short, I bowed down before my idol and worshipped him. One year passed, and my Mary was born, the little girl who brought you here."

"The child of honest wedlock, then?" I intetrupted, and without thinking.

"Oh don't, madam; as I supposed; as I believed;" she replied distractedly. "But wait until I finish. Please don't anticipate, or I shall never have strength enough left to finish the sickening details. She was a darling baby and her father was so fond of her. I used sometimes to grow jealous of the caresses lavished upon her. I used to wonder why my husband never took me to parties, and why we never received company like other families in upper tendom, and why he always chose the evenings to take me out for a walk or drive, and I would occasionally express to him my astonishment at the way our domestic programme was arranged. He always replied after this style: 'Is my little wife dissatisfied? If so, I will invite half New York to entertain her. It is because I love her so, that, buried in my own heart, I desire to satisfy her with what she finds there.'

"We read and sung, and sketched, and petted baby, with no cloud to disturb our serenity. By and by it came without a single gust of preparation. My husband generally returned to me about three in the afternoon. One day he was a little later than usual, and just as I was going down to the dining-room to see that everything was in order for dinner, I found that the servant was admitting visitors into the hall. This was so rare that I stopped to see who was coming.

"'Does Mrs. ——— live here?' mentioning my name, I heard a lady ask in low tones.

"'She does, Madam, will you please walk into the parlor?' the servant replied.

"I drew back into the library and waited for her to enter. It might be my mother, I thought, to whom I had written for forgiveness several times, but never had received an answer. Imagine my surprise, when a lady, elegantly dressed, followed by a nurse carrying an infant, swept by into the drawing room. I immediately passed in after them.

"'Mrs. ———, I suppose,' said the lady with a look of unutterable scorn upon her handsome features.

"'Yes, Madam,' I replied. 'Whom have I the honor of addressing?'

"'Not the least consequence, Mrs. ———. I have business with your husband.'

"'I am expecting him in every moment,' I replied. 'Please make yourself comfortable.'

"Just then the nurse brought my babe to the door. She was then about six months old, just able to sit up alone. The other babe was apparently about the same age. I placed my darling on the carpet, and held out my hands to the other little one. She came to me in a moment, held up her cherry lips for a kiss, and I removed her cap and cloak, and placed her beside mine. Oh! merciful Father; they were as alike as two roses from the same stem. But even then I was unsuspicious.

"'How do you account, Madam,' said the woman in tones cold and polished as glittering steel, 'for the remarkable resemblance between these two children?'

"They were both dressed in white, with blue sashes and sleeve trimmings. I did not at first reply, but laughingly removed my chain from my watch guard, and slipped it around the neck of my Mary, saying, as I did so, 'I will place a mark on mine to distinguish her, else, I fear, we shall hardly be able to tell them apart.' Pretty soon I heard my husband's night key, and in a second his voice singing the old Scotch ballad (he always sang as he entered the house),

'Oh, Mary is my darling, my darling, my darling,
Oh! where in the world is my darling
That I do not find her here?'

"'My husband has come,' said I. "I will bring him to you.'

"'There is a lady in the parlor for you,' I said, and flew to his embrace.

"'A lady!' he repeated in a strange whisper. 'You are joking, dear,' but an awful paleness overspread his face. 'Tell her I am not in; that's a good little wife. How came she to be admitted?' but before I could leave the hall, the fury was upon him.

"'Oh!' said she, calling him by his right name. 'You see, my dear lady, I had never known it. Did you think to keep on deceiving me in this style? Come here and look; and clutching him furiously by the arm, she almost dragged him into the parlor. The two babies began to crow and laugh, clapping their tiny hands in their delight at seeing him. Oh my ——, wasn't that fearful? and as he threw himself into a chair near them in a perfect agony of despair, the little darlings determined that he should notice them, played with his feet, and finally failing to attract his attention, commenced to cry piteously. I did not *then* comprehend the depth of the dreadful affair; and taking the infants from the carpet I placed one on each knee of the man I had called husband. He pressed them both to his bosom for a moment saying as he did so, 'Mary, you have killed me.'

"But what does all this mean?" I at last found breath to ask.

"'It means, Madam,' said the self-possessed woman, 'that that man is my lawful husband, and that child his legitimate offspring. It means that you are his mistress, and that babe the child of shame and lust.'

"'You are a liar;' said I, springing towards her. 'Unsay those dreadful words, or these hands will force an entrance to your black heart;' and God only knows what else, in my insane agony I did say.

"'Ask *him* if it is not so,' replied the woman still cool and polished.

'Mary,' said my, my, oh yes, my husband; let me call him that once more.

"'Curse me if you will. I am utterly unworthy a single thought. That woman, proud, overbearing and cold, I never loved, but she is just what she represents herself, my lawful wife.'

"'And I! I, I am what?' I shrieked.

"'My darling,' he replied, 'my heart's choice! but in the eyes of a cruel world—just what she has told you; my—mistress. I loved you, Mary; your beauty and your innocence dazzled me. My heart was hungry for you, and I foolishly thought I could provide for all without being detected, but that bloodhound has traced me, and we are betrayed. I am, oh, my ——, a miserable wretch.'

"But our marriage '——

"'Was a farce. I was not man enough to attempt bigamy even.'

(To be Continued.)

READING THE REVOLUTION.

WHAT CAME OF IT.—No. II.

DEAR REVOLUTION: I have another little confidence for you, which I shall endeavor to impart with Emersonian brevity. Some one comfortably asserts that MSS. are like Nurse Byloe's greens, "they bile down dredful," but I don't always find it so,—do you? On the contrary, minute kernels of truth and tiny grains of fact have become so precious of late, that they are cleverly manipulated into "linked sweetness, long drawn out;" a paying process to the writer, perhaps, but a heavy penalty to the inoffensive reader. Thus the innocent suffer for the guilty! After giving you my first confidence, I became the victim of results that poured in upon my devoted head from all quarters. It would have been ludicrous, had it not been sad! The expostulations that greeted me opened up such depths of ignorance under the lovely, ornamental, surface culture of society, it surprised and saddened me. Mournful prophesies of loss of caste, social ostracism, a wall-flower *role* at the Germans, forfeiture of man's respect and esteem were bountifully wasted on me, but never a logical argument brought to give weight to the opposition. Bec-jaune provided the climax, a brilliant combination of morning call, lecture and warning.

Bec-jaune is the Representative Boy of the Period, a pink of fast-idiousness among youth. His creed is "the eternal fitness of things,"—poor boy! he would be puzzled to explain what it means! He firmly believes in a Thirty-Nine Articles of conventionalities, which range all the way from the tie of a cravat to the etiquette of daily life. He sins elegantly and with circumstance. He lives luxuriously, rapidly, and when admonished therefor, he assumes the high moral tone, asserting that his "life is regulated on strictly Scriptural principles, in taking no thought for the morrow, and regarding the evil of existence as sufficient for the day." Being a "far awa' cousin," he was righteously bent upon doing his duty. Idly trifling with the lavender kid glove he had withdrawn, he announced that he had an extraordinary task to perform.

"The doom of 'a wilful woman' is well known, I urged; therefore spare yourself the trouble and me the infliction!"

Bec-jaune smiled superiorly down on me from his elegant height and began his lecture. Did I reflect whither my wayward feet were tending? Did I realize the sure but melancholy logic of the events I was helping to precipitate; how in the prosaic future, all the social relations would be inverted; how when the male creature encountered woman, lovely—no, no longer *lovely*—woman, the *tete-a-tete* would cease to be a blissful season of mutual speculations on sentiment, but matter-of-fact talk on corner lots, free-trade, the elections?

"So much the better!" was my defence. "Trust me, in a *tete-a-tete* of lovers, wholesome sentiment will claim its own and render its sweet service to love; but when your man and woman are *not* lovers, the sooner they are warned off the forbidden ground of sentiment, whereon *they* are tresspassers, the better for them individually, and society at large. In providing the *tete-a-tetes* of the future with legitimate themes for the interchange of ideas we are public benefactors."

If I delivered my little discourse in Choctaw, Bec-jaune could not have *looked* more combined wonderment and horror. He recovered himself with a sickly smile, and proceeded. Did I feel prepared to accept all the inevitable consequences of my fatal step? did I fully understand that in leaving my ancient fame where mankind had enshrined woman as a goddess and daily did homage to her lovely weakness, her angelic gentleness, her etherial mildness, I lowered myself to the level of common clay, I consented to be thrust aside by man, and elbowed by washer-women at the polls? "If I don't understand it, my own obtuseness is in fault, and not the writers of dreary wit, who have each fleshed his small sword of satire with so many lunges at the same typical washer-woman, it is a matter of wonder that she and all her kind are not entirely extinct, and a demand created for the importation of Chinese substitutes for another lost tribe." Bec-jaune continued to harp on one string for an hour longer; but he was no Paganini, and I found the monotony of his music irksome. "You will lose your hold on our highest reverence!" "*That* does not belong to us, now. For the rest, we shall then as ever gravitate surely to our level, and according to the higher law, we shall still find and claim our own!" "But men will care less for marriage!" "With that we have nothing to do, since we certainly do not intend to coerce them, but woman will have learned a better trade, than the barter of herself for a home, and in the opening of new prospects for her, marriage will cease to be her *dernier resort*. We mean to do away with slavery and slave markets, to reconstruct society." "O, rash Iconoclasts, will you break all your images?" "Of a surety, when, with the scales tornfromour eyes, we see them to be poor, base divinities, with feet of clay!"

"*Sic transit gloria mundi!* You tear down your own shrines!" "Not until man first desecrated them with false vows, impure sacrifices, and a polluted worship. So, a greater temple, built in silent reverence, was destroyed after it became a mart for money-changers."

"It seems that you care nothing for your old glorious Empire in the hearts of men, nothing for the society in which you have been queen, but in which it will soon be chaos come again unless you stay your rash hand; nothing for the respect, honor, courtesy, deference, homage, and protecting care of the stronger sex," urged Bec-jaune pathetically. What could I answer, but, "Words, words, words!" The quotation was perfectly familiar to Bec-jaune, but the application was a matter quite beyond him. He left me unregenerate, and proceeded to furnish me *sans* intention with an apt illustration of the *actual value* of *his* honor, deference, homage protection, and all the rest of it, on which he harped so persistently for my reformation. Bec-jaune contracted an "unexceptionable alliance." His anti-matrimonial splendor brought him to the verge of ruin, so he sacrificed the sweet peace and charming freedom of bachelorhood and married a fortune. Thereupon he went to Paris; just then, to the happy girl, under the spell of Love's young dream, all lands were alike, and home was wherever Bec-jaune might be. I regret to say that sentiment legitimatized, very soon palled upon him. His cloyed palate craved the spice of variety. He took to *absinthe*, and *lansquenet*. The *absinthe* was unmitigated wormwood and gall of bitterness to his wife, *lansquenet* was disastrous to her fortune.

After a brief season of splendor in Paris, they returned in what Bec-jaune elegantly terms "a totally impecunious condition." Notwithstanding, he still smokes imported cigars, drives his own "trap" of afternoons in the park, attends the masque balls, gives little suppers after the *opera bouffe*, and I am daily forced to admire the elegant nonchalance with which he "does," and "sees" life. As for his "silent partner," she has no time for society. Her beauty has already lost its lustre through the burden of care life has brought to her. She is heroic, but doomed to swell the list of obscure martyrs. With her splendid and highly trained voice, it was her first impulse to go upon the stage. Her genius taught her her sphere but Bec-jaune became as one petrified with horror at the bare suggestion. With meekness she resigned the certainty of retrieving her fortune, and, her master consenting, drudges as a teacher of music, replenishing the exhausted purse by a daily toil he chooses to approve as "respectable," and providing a home, and the means of existence, as Bec-jaune understands

existence, for her lord. It appears to me that Bec-jaune has contrived a more "prosaic future" for his wife than could have possibly resulted from his conceding her a vote, and encouraging her to master the masculine topics of free-trade and politics.

I forbear to ask *her* the amount of comfort she derives from his homage and protection, but when I hear those old watchwords recounted, and see what they come to mean in their actual application to daily married life, I hope I shall not be blamed by all right-minded people for undue levity, if I confess that while I smile, without bitterness, I am tempted to regard them as time-honored "twaddle," and to exclaim with Betsey Trotwood, "Stuff and nonsense!" Cordially yours,

PAPILLON.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

MANCHESTER, February, 1869.

THE funeral of Ernest Jones took place last Saturday and was duly honored by an immense attendance, extending nearly four miles, from one end of our city to the other. The leading members of the United Liberal party, who supported Mr. Jones's candidature at the recent general election, were among the mourners. London sent representatives of the Reform League with Mr. Edward Beales, the President, at their head, and deputations were present from fifty or sixty of our northern towns. The United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic was officially represented. A thousand men, or upwards, and a few women amongst them, friends of the deceased, preceded the hearse in a long procession, and many thousands more followed it to the cemetery. The streets, for the entire route, were crowded with spectators. The procession moved to the music of the Dead March in Saul. The Rev. S. A. Steinthal read the burial service. Many of the mourners were unable to restrain their feelings, and the last words were read amid profound silence. Mr. Edward Beales then made an appropriate address to the mourners, concluding with these words: "Though he is dead, he still lives. He lives in the memory of all throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain and Ireland who love honesty and freedom, and he lives in the memories of all throughout the world who could estimate the undaunted patriotism and the brilliant talents of our departed friend. Yes, he lives amongst us to bid those who admire him, 'Go and do likewise.'" Mr. Steinthal then offered a prayer and pronounced the benediction. Ernest Jones is buried in the Ardwick Cemetery, close to the tomb of Dr. Dalton, the celebrated chemist, and to that of the lamented Mr. Max Killman, late Treasurer of the Manchester Society for Woman's Suffrage.

The Rev. William Gaskell, distinguished as a scholar in English literature, but better known as a Unitarian minister and as the husband of the late Mrs. Gaskell, the novelist, took the chair at the first of the course of Lectures to Ladies, on Science, last week. Mr. Gaskell prefaced his introduction of the lecturer, Mr. T. S. Aldis of Cambridge, by some excellent remarks on the value of higher education, in social life, to women. The great importance of physical studies was urged as a means of mental discipline and as a contribution to the general well-being of society. One of the chief benefits, intellectual as well as social, to be derived from these studies is the habit of patient investigation and a readiness to set aside preconceived notions when they are shown not to agree with facts.

In Clifton a course of Lectures to Women will begin on the 13th inst. Dr. Child, of Oxford, one of the Examiners in Natural Science in that University, is the lecturer, and his subject is the Study of the Laws of Animal and Vegetable Life. He is to be succeeded by Professor Grant, of the University of Glasgow, who will lecture on Physical Astronomy. In London two courses are just beginning. To-day Mr. Archibald Milman will deliver, at the South Kensington Museum, the first of a series of Educational Lectures to women. The subject is that period of English History which is included in the reigns of Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV., and papers will be set upon it. London University has initiated a scheme of lectures for women resembling that lately so energetically prosecuted by the Edinburgh Professors.

A recent letter from Germany informs us that —"The want of a higher and more scientific education for ladies, which is so keenly felt in England, has led to the establishment of the Victoria Lyceum in Berlin. It resembles, in intention, the Ladies' Colleges of England, and stands under the patronage of the Crown Princess." Miss Emily Faithfull's lecture on the "Claims of Woman," to which I referred in a former letter, has since been delivered at Southsea, Winchester, and Southampton, and so much interest was excited by it in the last named place that the council of the Hartley Institute there have requested Miss Faithfull to repeat it as one of their series on the 15th of this month. Miss Becker gave her lecture on Science for Women at Hull last week. I may mention that the Educational Lectures for Women are attended by many married ladies, as well as by the young lady students.

In my letter of Dec. 26th, I mentioned the Industrial House for young girls which Mrs. Butler established about a year and a half ago in Liverpool. The Home is for the reception and training for domestic service, of young women of good character, from fifteen to twenty-five years of age. Their term of residence in the Home is six months, or if needful for a longer period. Mrs. Butler has just announced that: "The demand for servants from the Home, in Liverpool and Manchester, is now so great, we have determined to admit a greater number, provided we can find ladies or gentlemen willing to send any poor girls to us, and to help towards their maintenance by a small weekly payment of 2*s.* or 2*s.* 6*d.* per week—or else to furnish the outfit for service. The Home is distinctly intended for destitute girls, whose parents (if they have any) are unable to give them a fair start in life. A very large proportion of those we receive are orphans. We do not receive penitentiary cases, nor discharged prisoners. There are training homes for these, while there exist scarcely any refuges for poor and friendless girls of good character."

The annual meeting of the Manchester Nurse Training Institution was held this week in the Town Hall. This and similar establishments, in Liverpool and other large towns, are some of the results of the reformation in nurses and nursing for the rich, initiated by Florence Nightingale many years ago. Three kinds of nurses are trained in this institution, Some, whose time is devoted to visiting the sick poor at their own homes; others, who are employed in private families at a stated charge of one guinea a week; and lastly, the hospital nurses. The first, or district nurses, are stationed in poor and populous quarters of the town, and work under the supervision of ladies who undertake to defray the expense of the nurse's lodging, and likewise supply to her, for distribution among the sick poor, such nourishing food and medical comforts as the sufferers may require. At present there are seven districts provided with a nurse each, in Manchester and Salford. Each district contains, on an average, about 10,000 persons, and in the course of the past year 1,217 poor persons have been attended at their own homes.

Miss E. Toulmin Smith's Essay on "The Uses to which Female Schools of Art may be Applied," which obtained the first prize in November last, has been published by Taylor & Co., London. Miss Smith is a practical artist and the author of some delicate and beautiful little paintings. She writes with earnestness and enthusiasm on the value of Art, both for the Training and Employment of Women. The courses and methods of the London school, of which the writer is a student, are described. They appear to be well fitted to draw out real talent by present success and the prospect of ever-increasing privileges. It appears that through the exertions of Miss A. L. Herford, ladies of a certain proficiency in art are admitted to the lectures of the Royal Academy, an advantage of which, no doubt, they will increasingly avail themselves. The schools of art furnish, in their way, a method of university and classical strictness. The expense is moderate, and there is an assurance that when the pupil has gone steadily through the courses prescribed all her real artistic power will be made manifest. Independently of what is called high art, the government schools open a wide and various field for women, in cultivating the arts of design. Miss Smith writes with much warmth on this part of the subject, pointing out that though "Few women may be fortunate enough to draw and paint successfully for the great exhibitions, the number is large of those who, while prevented from attaining that eminence by circumstances entirely honorable in themselves, might excel in the arts of design as applied to the uses and ornament of private life." It is presumed that these efforts to decorate and enrich home life would prove remunerative to the artist. The refining and elevating influence of art training on the mind, irrespective of pecuniary profit, is not overlooked in this excellent little pamphlet.

A new novel entitled "Society in a Garrison Town," by the author of "Myself and my Relations," T. C. Newby, London, has just appeared. The writer, Miss A. I. Robertson of Dublin, has, during the past year, taken an active part in the Woman's Suffrage movement, and was one of the speakers at the public meetings held in Manchester and Birmingham. In this new tale, which has been favorably noticed in the papers, she attempts to illustrate some of the evils, both to men and women, which are the result of the present state of our social customs.

In the current number of the *Westminster Review* is an incidental notice of one of the most remarkable women to be met with in history, whose name will be new to most readers. It occurs in an article on our *Struggle for Empire with the Mahrattas*, which first describes the growth of the Mahratta dominion in that region of India lying north and south of the Nerbudda river. In this rich and romantic country the Mahratta empire was founded by a chieftain named Sivajee, who had a long line of succes-

sors. Not the least remarkable of these was Mulhar Rao, who died full of years and honors, and was succeeded by Aliah Bae, the widow of his son. She was one of the most eminent and beneficent of the monarchs whose names illuminate the pages of history. Aliah Bae belongs to a period anterior to the British rule in India, as she died at the latter end of the eighteenth century, a little before that rule was established by the conquests of Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington. In the great battle of Assaye, the Mahratta power received a blow from which it never recovered. It is evident from this account of Aliah Bae that Mahratta ladies of rank enjoyed opportunities for development which are denied to their humbler sisters in India :

Aliah Bae offended no prejudices when she took upon herself the management of public affairs, and transacted business in open durbar. We do not wish to refer without reason to the hackneyed simile of an oasis in the desert, but there is nothing else which can so well characterize the spot of sunny green which Aliah Bae's administration of Malwa marks out from the surrounding waste. The great aim of her rule was to raise the condition of the agricultural classes. She recognized them as the backbone of a state which derives almost all its revenue from the land, and strove to develop cultivation by light assessments and a sacred respect for proprietary rights. She made use of courts of arbitration; but was herself always accessible to appeals, and on all points connected with the administration of justice she was most patient and unwearied. A deep sense of responsibility accompanied her in the performance of her duties. "She deemed herself answerable to God for every exercise of power," was one of her sayings; and when urged by her ministers to acts of severity she would reply, "Let us mortals beware how we destroy the works of the Almighty." For more than twenty years she sustained the burden of rule. During that time the country was free from external aggression, and enjoyed almost perfect tranquility within. It was the greatest pleasure of her life to behold the contentment and prosperity of her subjects. So far from deeming an increase of wealth to be a ground for greater exactions, she held it to be a legitimate claim for favor and protection. Under her care, Indore, the present capital of Holkar's dominions, rose from a village to a wealthy town. She constructed roads over the difficult hill ranges which intersect Malwa; she built resting-places and dug wells for the use of travellers along all the routes in her kingdom. Through all Hindostan she was an object of admiration and esteem. Among her own chiefs it would have been regarded as the height of wickedness to have become her enemy, or, if need were, not to die in her defence. The Nizam of Hyderabad, and Tippoo the sultan of Mysore, paid her as much respect as the Paishwa, and Mahommetans joined with Hindus in prayer for her long life and prosperity. Flattery was lost upon her. A Brahmin wrote a book in her praise; she heard it read with patience, merely observing that "She was a weak, sinful woman, and not deserving such fine encomiums," ordered the book to be thrown into the Nerbudda and took no further notice of the writer. Such was Aliah Bae—"A female without vanity, a bigot without intolerance, a mind imbued with the deepest superstitions, yet receiving no impressions except what led to the benefit and happiness of those under its influence; a being exercising in the most active and able manner despotic power, not merely with sincere humility, but under the severest moral restraints that a strict conscience could lay upon human action; and this combined with the greatest indulgence for the weakness and faults of others. To sum up all, she was goodness, in its most comprehensive sense personified."

At a meeting held last Tuesday at Aubrey House, Notting-hill, it was announced that fifty-six towns in connection with the London Society for Woman's Suffrage, are preparing petitions in favor of Woman's Suffrage, to be presented in Parliament this session. The Manchester, Dublin and Edinburg Societies are equally active. In the Manchester committee the subject of introducing a bill this session is under consideration. It is very probable that the appeal which was lost in the Court of Common Pleas, will, so to speak, be carried on to Parliament, not only "in the old natural and constitutional mode of petitions," but also by means of a bill for special legislation to redress the grievance of non-representation. We shall not, it is probable, this time, have the advantage of the efficient help of John Stuart Mill to introduce the bill, but another friend will be found for that service, and new allies are almost daily rising up.

It is interesting as an evidence of the growth of liberality at Oxford, that at one of the last meetings of the University Debating Society—the Union as it is called—the question was, "That the exclusion of J. S. Mill from Parliament is a national loss." The motion was carried by forty-two to twenty-six.

In the Woman's Property Committee, this week, it was reported that some thousands of copies of the account of Susanna Palmer, with Miss Cobbe's remarks upon it, were printed for distribution. A circular on the subject of the amendment of the law of the property of married women, with suggestions of means to promote the cause, was prepared.

Yours very truly, R. M.

LETTER FROM MR. TRAIN.

THEODORUS, KING OF ABYSSINIA.—IF I CANNOT WHIP YOU I WILL MAKE UP FACES AT YOUR SISTER.—ACCEPTING H. G.'S APOLOGY FOR OFFENDING HIM.—WOMAN THE LOWEST OF ALL SLAVES.—EPIGRAM ON THE CODFISH LEGISLATURE.—REJOINDER TO THE "COMMONWEALTH."

ON THE NEW ENGLAND STUMP, IN THE VALLEYS OF THE CONNECTICUT RIVERS, DERBY, Ct., St. Patrick's Day, 1869.

DEAR REVOLUTION: The guest of some pleasant people in these busy hills. Like ants, these manufacturers are always working. This town will have 100,000 people in one generation.

THAT EMINENT WOMAN OF THE AGE, T. T.

Mrs. E. has just handed me this book, pointing out T. T. on E. C. S. Where G. F. T. is called once more "Charlatan," "Blatherskite," "Harlequin," and the rest. Thank you, *Theodorus of Abyssinia*, for your first-class notice. It must have been gall and wormwood to your Theoretical Junto for me to go down to Kansas and reduce your Equal Rights to practical voting. There is nothing so severe to the teeth of wisdom as biting a file. When I talk, it is always about my mission, not myself. With you, it is just the reverse. Hence I am an egotist. You are not. I wear long hair because it gives me a student look. And when I lecture for women *I always put the money in my own pocket.* You, T. T., have travelled Three Hundred Thousand miles. I never went out of Brooklyn. You have built Ships, Factories, Railways—and organized the Pacific Railway, Credit Mobilier and Credit Foncier. I never got beyond editing a *Religious* Weekly whose principal income is derived from *Quack medicines!* You have given large sums of money and lectured for women. I give nothing. Never lecture but stay at home and blackguard those who do!

GENTLEMANLY ATTACKS ON THE REVOLUTION.

She (Mrs. Livermore of the *Agitator*) is too prudent to involve herself in any such blunders as have characterized the course of THE REVOLUTION.—*N. Y. Independent.*

What Blunders? Is it a blunder to be honest in advocating Woman's Suffrage? What is a blunder? to wake up a New America, with new hopes, new ideas? Was it a blunder to refuse all *immoral, quack advertisements?* Theodorus, you have acted badly with the women—are you offended because E. C. S. is the correspondent of the *Advance*—because it is more *Independent?* Why did you not secure this brilliant writer, Theodorus? Always fire at the birds as they fly over. Never wait for them to light in the next county. Your article on E. C. S. in "The Eminent Women of the Age" is a string of insults against woman—unmanly, ungenerous, uncalled for. *Save us from our friends.* Is it not enough for you to ruin all the Young Men's Christian Associations out west, without sneering at THE REVOLUTION? Is it my fault that you lecture to empty benches, while I talk to crowded houses everywhere? *Theodorus, King of Abyssinia,* early prosperity has spoilt you. Those the gods wish to destroy they, first make wear long hair and woolen stockings; and then edit a Religious Newspaper devoted to poisoning mankind with quack medicines.

EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR AND THIRTY HOURS IN THE DAY.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN STILL ON THE WAR-PATH.—Already fifty-four nights passing resolutions on Equal Rights—Eight Hour's Labor—One Currency for all—American Factories—Temperance—The Turkish Bath—An Ocean Penny Postage—the Subsidized Five Cent newspapers—Subsidized Politicians—The ruinous policy of Free Trade Leagues, and the New York Chamber of Commerce—Cuban Independence—The demanding of instantaneous payment of the Alabama claims, or war—Damages for imprisoning our citizens, or fight—the Emancipation of Woman—the 40,000 White Slaves in Rhode Island—and a Flag for Ireland, all of which are unanimously adopted amidst the greatest enthusiasm.

In South Boston, he lectured Sunday, the 7th, for the St. Vincent De Paul Society; Waltham, 8; Holyoke, 9; Lowell, for Sister Rose Noyland's St. John's Hospital, 10; Marlboro, 11; Charlestown, 12; Haverhill, for Father McDonnell's church, 13; Lowell, Sunday, 14; Lawrence, for the Catholic Orphans, 15; Derby, Conn., 16; New York, 17 (Saint Patrick's Day); 18, Greenpoint, Father Mathew Society; 19, Sing Sing; 20, Ladies' F. M. T. A. B. Society, New York; 22, Poughkeepsie; Westerly, R. I., 23; Bristol, do., 24; Warren, do., 25; Providence, do., 26; Pittsfield, Mass., 27; North Adams, do., 29; South Adams, do., 30; Fitchburg, do., 31; Middleton, Ct., April 1; Meriden, do., 2; and every night in New England for forty days—all devoted to charity.—*Boston Pilot.*

THE MORTALITY OF NATIONS.

Why don't you come out, P. P.? The country wants rousing up. The old lecture party don't draw now. The mutual admiration men are ruining the Societies. Derby wants you. Will you come? Name your terms, and write young Cornell of the Library Association. See what they say of you at Mount Vernon:

Our citizens were favored with a most eloquent and powerful lecture this evening by Mr. Parker Pillsbury, on the "Causes and Character of the French Revolution,"—"suicide," as he called it, "of the eighteenth century." For nearly an hour and a half he held his audience, composed of our very best people, in almost breathless attention, while he portrayed, in most thrilling language, the terrible oppressions that drove the French people to desperation, and finally to bloody revolution. Mr. Pillsbury drew from that great event important lessons for our country to study, and closed with a powerful appeal for impartial suffrage for men and women in reconstructing our government, as a safe preventive against violent revolution and as the only sure guaranty for permanent prosperity and peace.—*Press.*

THE MAN FIRST AND THEN THE WOMAN.

The Gentile first and then the Jew. Man is monarch of all he surveys, while woman is sovereign in the family. Would you realize her *locus standi?* A pauper has no vote; *neither has a woman!* A convict is disfranchised; *so is a woman!* A lunatic has no ballot; neither has a woman! A minor never votes—*nor does a woman!* Plantation negroes vote—*women* don't! Rape, murder, drunkenness, bestiality, burglary, alway vote. But *virtue, morality and truth, seldom.* Man represents the first, *woman*

the second. Woman is the greatest fool on earth—*except man!* Our mother is nobody—nor our sister, daughter, wife—*she is only a woman!*

YOU ARE ONLY A WOMAN.

Yet has not a woman eyes, hands, senses, affections, passions? No—not for Jo! Is she not fed with the same food—hurt with the same weapons—shot with the same revolver—subject to the same diseases—warmed by same summer—frozen by same winter? *No—not at the ballot-box!* Prick her, does she not bleed? Tickle her, does she not laugh? Poison her, does she not die? Wrong her, *shall she not be revenged?* No—we have her down—let us strike her again—she has no friends.

From the New York Tribune.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN DENIES THAT HE IS A POLITICIAN.

PARKER HOUSE, Boston, March 12, 1869.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

"Hamilton and Jefferson were politicians: so were Callender and Freneau. Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun were politicians: so were and are, Capt. Rynders and George Francis Train."

SIR: You have called me many names in your time, but this is the unkindest of all. After the Cassius M. Clay debate, you called me "Charlatan" and "Mountebank;" while in a British bastile, an "Ass and a Lunatic;" but this is the first time you have passed the insult direct, by calling me a "Politician!" What have I done that you should say this thing? Did I not refuse to axe-grind for Senatorship in Nebraska or Congressman in New York? Did I ever ask or accept public office? Have I ever had my hand in the Public Treasury? Have I not always been identified with the people? If I have an axe to grind, it is nothing less than the Presidency; and I strike for that to take the contest out of the hands of caucuses, conventions, and politicians. Our Electoral College is a sham. The changing of 30,000 votes would have defeated Grant, although his majority was 300,000. To-night, I deliver at Charlestown, my 47th lecture, and am engaged fifty-three nights ahead. One hundred lectures in one hundred nights, never speaking less than two hours, and sometimes three. At the Cooper Institute, Jan. 5, I spoke four hours. Could a politician do that? Such is the remarkable enterprise of the Boston press, they have never mentioned my crusade here. New England sleeps upon an earthquake and I am stirring up the fires, talking Henry C. Careyism to the people, passing resolutions like this:

Resolved, *That selling England whole skins for a six pence, and buying back the tails for a shilling is played out.*

Every night I talk to Celtic regiments. No other lecturer can reach this Irish army. I preach Father Mathewism and Educated Suffrage, to the cry of down with the *English Ring* and up with *American Industry*. Why, then, should you call me a politician, and mix me up with Hamilton, Jefferson, Calhoun and Clay?

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

[We most respectfully ask Mr. Train's pardon. We called him a politician, meaning thereby to illustrate the wide range of meanings popularly given to the term—nothing more. As one who gives much time and thought to political questions, and endeavors to influence the opinion thereon of others, he *is* a politician. But there is another sense in which he is *not* a politician—that is, the sense in which Hamilton, and Jefferson, Clay and Calhoun, were politicians; and he is entirely right in disclaiming the character. Let all bear in mind, therefore, that in the sense that Hamilton and Clay were politicians, Mr. Train is *not* a politician, and that we disclaim any intent to represent him as that sort of politician.

Ed. Trib.]

Horace, give me your hand. I am not a proud man, hence am willing to accept your apology. If you feel really sorry, I forgive you. Had you not better throw those "*narrow-minded blockheads*" over, and jump in and ride with me? When I am President you shall visit me at the White House!

RICHARDSON'S BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI.

Will T. T. glance at Richardson's great work? He was in Omaha. He saw Nebraska. He rode on the Union Pacific. He puts in a photograph and gives me two pages. But radical as he is—Editor of the *Tribune* as he may be—he does not think that calling names contributes intelligence or nobility of character.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

Another popular book just out. Junius Brown gives me a chapter. What does it mean? Do the men of intellect see the handwriting on the wall? Are they discounting the future? The mission of destiny is only the power of doing good through telling the truth. These clever writers cannot yet make up their minds to take the back track. But it is in the air. The spiritual life is close at hand. We must be good in order to be great. Morality is a terrible power.

THE CODFISH LEGISLATURE.

A careless House yielded to the request of George Francis Train, by 66 to 65. Soon, however, such hard and sensible heads as Bird of Walpole, Perry of Boston, and others, got in a motion to reconsider and not a few truthful remarks about this subject, which he, sprawling out on one of the lounges, had the good fortune to hear—than which nothing he has heard lately will do him half so much benefit. Of course the request was kicked out of the House by a vote of 120 to 12.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

While "lounging on the sprawl," the court wrote this Epigram and passed it over to the democrats:

From the Press.

REJOINDER TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The Legislature first voted, 66 to 65, to allow Mr Train to address them on Finance. On motion of Mr. Bird, of Walpole, reconsidered, and refused by a party vote, 116 to 18.—*House Report.*

Impromptu Epigram on the Great Codfish Agitation—God Save the Codfish.

No feeble Legislative brain
Can stop a *Presidential* Train.
A Live Fish is a Fish Alive,
Said sixty-six to sixty-five;
Till Hoosac Tunnel *Bore* arose
To wipe his *Codfish eyes* and nose,
When, by a strictly Party Vote,
The *Codfish Council changed its coat,*
And *Peanut* Perry saved the nation
By stopping Codfish Agitation;
And thus the Commonwealth has blest
The dirty BIRD *that fouled its nest!*

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

HESTER VAUGHAN AGAIN.

Poor Hester may as well resign herself to die by the lingering torments of perpetual imprisonment. There is evidently no pity, no mercy in the hearts of the Pennsylvania authorities. Appeals to them are vain.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!"

but what of man's inhumanity to woman? Meanwhile is there no higher court? no tribunal beyond the tricks and shufflings of these mockeries of justice called human laws, and Judges and Governors? Robespierre said in view of the oppressions of the French people whose misery was the mirth and merriment of their civil and spiritual tyrants and tormenters, "If God did not exist it would be necessary to invent his existence." But justice still sits enthroned in the universe; so let even the wicked and cruel rejoice, for it is their only ground of hope, as well as the last support of the persecuted and afflicted; and for all the Hester Vaughan's.

The Boston *Banner of Light* says, Miss Lizzie Doten lectured in Music Hall, in that city, Sunday afternoon, March 7th. The theme announced was, "A Communication from the Spirit of the Times." In her usual terse and pointed style she touched upon various important subjects, including many needed reforms, and pointed out the great good Spiritualism was doing for the benefit of mankind. She closed with the following original poem, entitled

HESTER VAUGHAN.

Now by the common weal and woe,
  Uniting each with all;
And by the snares we may not know,
  Until we blindly fall—
Let every heart by sorrow tried—
  Let every *woman* born,
Feel that her cause stands side by side
  With that of Hester Vaughan.

A woman, famished for the love
  All hearts so deeply crave,
Whose only hope was Heaven above,
  To succor and to save;
With only want, and woe, and care,
  To greet her child unborn;
A weary burden, hard to bear,
  Was life to Hester Vaughan.

No friend, no food, no fire, no light,
  And face to face with death,
She struggled through the weary night,
  With anguish in each breath;
Till that frail life which shared her own,
  Had perished ere the morn,
And left her to the hearts of stone,
  That judged poor Hester Vaughan.

Who was it, that refused to draw
  A lesson from the time,
And in the name of human law,
  Pronounced her grief a crime?
Was her accuser, cold and stern,
  A man of *woman born,*
Whose *debt* to woman could not earn
  Some grace for Hester Vaughan?

The word of judgment is not sure,
  To wealth and station high,
But that she was *alone* and *poor,*
  Was she condemned to die.
Oh God of justice! for whose grace
  The servile worldlings fawn,
Has not thy love a hiding place,
  For such as Hester Vaughan?

Come to the bar of Judgment, come,
  Ye favored ones of earth,
And let your haughty lips be dumb,
  So boastful of your worth.
What virtues, or what noble deeds,
  Your faithless lives adorn,
That thus by laws, or lifeless creeds,
  You sentence Hester Vaughan!

What countless crimes—what guilt untold—
  What depths of sin and shame,
Are gilded by your lying gold,
  Or hidden by a name!
You pave your social hells with skulls
  Of Infants yet unborn;
Then virtuous wrath suspicion lulls,
  And crushes Hester Vaughan.

Ye, who your secret sins confess,
  Before the Eternal Throne—
Adulterer and Adulteress!
  What mercy have *ye* shown?
For place and power, for gems and gold,
  Ye give your souls in pawn;
But Heaven's fair gates will first unfold,
  To such as Hester Vaughan.

The "mills of God that grind so slow,"
  Will "grind exceeding small;"
And time, at length, will clearly show
  The want or worth of all.
Distinctions will not always be
  With such precision drawn,
Between the proud of high degree
  And such as Hester Vaughan.

Through Moyamensing's prison bars,
  She counts each weary day,
Or 'neath the calmy watching stars,
  She wakes to weep and pray.
Thank God! for her in heaven above,
  A brighter day will dawn;
And those who judge all hearts in love,
  Will welcome Hester Vaughan.

THE MORMONS AND THE REVOLUTION.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

Don't be frightened, readers of The Revolution. Our sanctum is crowded with visitors. All parts of the world are paying their respects. The other day M. Simonin of the French Press showed us our *cartes* in the Paris illustrated papers. Madam Audouard was also with us. Distinguished Spaniards, Germans, Italians, are often here. But really we were surprised to receive a visit from a distinguished Mormon and his daughter. Don't be scared, ye Christian readers. They were quite human. A young lady of sweet fifteen and a large-headed Editor who would delight the Phrenologist. See what an exchange says of our Mormon guest:

T. B. H. STENHOUSE.

In introducing the editor and proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, I ask not whether he is a popular or an unpopular man. He *is* a representative man of the press, just as David O. Calder is of musical development. T. B. H. Stenhouse is an *institution*. He is the founder of the first daily paper in Mormondom, to use a now accepted phrase which has even a wider significance than the proper name Utah. He is the proprietor of a daily, a semi-weekly and a weekly newspaper, and, on his return from the East, he will be the founder and proprietor of the *Ogden Times*. He has one of the best printing establishments on the Pacific; he aims to be the great publisher of the Rocky Mountain Territories, and I have sufficient confidence in the capacity and perseverance of the man to be assured that he will reach all for which he resolutely and persistently aims. Moreover, he reaches after so much in his own special sphere as a journalist that I have no doubt his future enterprise, as a representative of the potency and mission of the press, will stamp him as forcibly upon the public mind as any man in Utah. Yet Stenhouse is not one of the leaders of the church, and he never expects to be, though he was one of the first and most prominent missionaries on the continent of Europe. He is a man of very great mark, both in his character and life; in fact he is one of the most representative of men. If he lives, and the Pacific coast reaches that splendid destiny to which we all look forward, he will carve out a name in its history which will last for generations. It is true, I have a very extravagant opinion of my friend T. B. H. It is well known that I am strongly attached to him. Doubtless it is one of my eccentricities, and I presume that my proposed character sketch and biography of Stenhouse will be so extravagant, that few but myself will believe in its soundness. Not unlikely it will provoke more criticism than the one on William Jennings. One thing, however, I know, T. B. H. Stenhouse and myself can *fight* it out. Gentlemen, not with the sword. "The pen is mightier than the sword!"

The Mormons are with us. Will not the Christians now fall in? Is Utah to be the first to give the women Suffrage? What an age of changes! How the wheels roll round! Although we exchange with the *Telegraph*, Mr. Stenhouse insisted upon paying his subscription. He says there are no *dead heads in Utah*—that printers cannot live on air—that he believes in Woman's Rights. And Julian's bill says as much—women are to vote in Utah. *Our columns are open to the Mormons if they will let the women of Salt Lake decide for themselves.* S. B. A.

A LIVE WITCH IN CHICAGO.

There is no mistake this time. The Chicago *Times* is certain about it. It says:

Chicago avenue has a real, live witch, at least so a large number of the goodly residents on that street think, and his witch is using her diabolical powers for her own personal pecuniary aggrandizement. The Chicago avenue witch is a milk vender, and keeps cows, as do many of her neighbors. The head and front of her offending consists in the fact that, while her neighbors' cows are dry, the witch's cows give forth milk in abundance. A fortune-teller was consulted as to the reason of this anomaly, and the sage replied—witch-craft. The simple and credulous neighbors at once resolved social ostracism. The more irate went further and resolved upon reviving the ancient days of New England persecutions. A great hubbub ensued, and a general rising took place. Those who believed their cows bewitched, armed themselves with all sorts of implements, warlike, agricultural, and otherwise; and proceeding to the residence of the accused woman, would have gallantly put her beyond the reach of all further mortal ills, had she not been absent. The witch, innocent of any hostile designs, visited some neighbors the next morning, and was very much surprised at being ordered summarily out of the house, and forbidden ever to enter the premises again. Other places were visited with the same result, and only at last did a friend venture to tell the unfortunate witch what was the cause of the suddenly-taken aversion to her. The witch smiled, and thought that *the manner in which she kept her cows would account for all the difference manifested in the amount of milk yielded.* The witch's cows still continue to yield, and the neighbors' animals are yet as dry as ever and will be until better fed! Let her be executed. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

CRUSHING ARGUMENT.

The St. Louis papers contain a report of the committee to whom was refered, in the City Council, the question of Woman Suffrage. Mr. Schoenbeck had the honor of presenting the report and the *Republican* contains specimens of it, verbatim from the Hon. Counsellor's own notes: These are some of them:

In the first place he remarks that the committee take in view the slaveholders' rebellion, and that they look upon Female Suffrage as dangerous as slavery was in '61, and if carried out will come nearer to breaking up this republican government. In proof of this it is stated that the rebellion was located in a certain section, where as Female Suffrage will be universal, and will be harder to manage than the rebellion. Mr. S. then gives his reasons for believing that if Female Suffrage and female office-holding are carried out it will be ruinous to the country. It will diminish the power of men to control the government in peace or war. It will give females power to declare war with foreign nations, and they will remain quiet and send their husbands or sons to the battle-fields. Mr. S. then attempts to show that in the south during the war the women had as much to do with keeping up the conflict as men. We quote verbatim: "The wife would say to her husband, 'If you don't shoulder the musket and drive those Yankees and Hessians from our soil, I won't live with you no more.' Shee would also say so to her son. The sister would say so to her brother, and so father, son and brother all went into the war by the forcing of wife and sister."

Then Mr. Schoenbeck argues that, notwithstanding this, "when the Union armies advanced on southern soil those mothers and sisters have married those gentlemen who had slain their husbands and sons, and are now enjoying themselves over the blood of the aforesaid after driving them on the battle-field." Their acts, it is stated, are before us, and should be a warning to every man to see that he is not killed and destroyed by female acts, and mankind should be always careful that they are put to no more misery than is already brought about by the acts of Eve. "God has made man to rule, and whoever will go against the will of God will go down." "Again your committee takes in consideration what will bring on those disturbances and bloodshed, for instant a female offers herself for office, she will get into public discussion with some gentleman opponent of her and in debate he may say a word that would not be suitable to the lady, or the lady's Husbent or relation, they would soon take it up which would eselay lead to bloodshed when the same debate between two gentleman would only be laughed at."

It is not to be supposed the woman's cause can long survive such Columbiading as that.

Gabrielle Emilia, le Tonnelier de Breteuil, Marchioness of Chastelet, was one of the most learned and accomplished of modern females. She was born at Paris, in 1706, and died at Luneville, in 1749. She was a proficient in Latin, Italian, and English; and possessed considerable knowledge of Geometry, Astronomy and Natural Philosophy. She published Institutes of Physics, with an Analysis of Leibnitz's Philosophy, and Newton's Principia. Though Madame du Chastelet was married, she held and practiced rather liberal notions with regard to the other sex. Among her ardent admirers was Voltaire.

WHAT AN EXHIBITION!

When the democratic press reports Congress as below the people even of that party believe only in part, making due allowance for party predilections and unscrupulousness. But the republican press is frequently not far behind, as witness the following from the Washington correspondent to the Chicago *Tribune*:

There is a social evil reviving about the Capitol which it is time to rebuke. Long files of cyprians are in the habit of rendezvousing there, and parading between the House and the Senate, and in the lobbies thereof, calling out members, making assignations for the future and loans for the past, and so completely signalizing the place that it is at her peril a good woman walks in the Capitol.

Among the harridan's who lobby for small considerations at the Capitol is one respectable looking matron, who presents herself with two or three young girls, sends in her name, and when the member comes out she introduces the young ladies, saying: "I live at a certain number; here is my card. You must come and call on these young ladies, my nieces."

The member goes, perhaps to see the interesting young ladies, compromises himself, and votes for the old lady's bill. It is needless to say that the supposed nieces are a parcel of common women the old lady has dressed for the occasion.

I have been told a story that I suppose to be true, considering its authority and the circumstantiality of it, concerning a reverend Senator, who saw an idle fellow here, possessed of a handsome wife, weary of his poverty and character. The woman had the husband assigned to a Revenue Inspectorship in one of the far Territories. The husband, after a time, heard such gossip as he might expect from Washington, and he hastily returned here, jealousy proving to be greater than dependence. He burst into the lodgings of his wife, and found the Senator as he expected. The Senator executed what the acrobats would call a *pas de seul* out of a second story window, was received upon a friendly pile of manure below, and had his garments flung to him by an extrordinary feat of somebody's presence of mind. For nearly a week he kept away from the Senate, while the injured husband daily sent a futile card, and waited with a pistol to take summary vengeance. The happening of a tragedy in the lobby of the Senate floor, was prevented by the Senator sending the man a fresh commission and some present relief.

Another bad indication that I notice this winter, is the indecent style of party and dinner dressing—the wearing of dresses that expose the whole spine, and are cut nearly as liberally on the other side. At the receptions one sees numbers of ladies, often of social rank, exhibiting muscular trunks of enamel, and at a celebrated dinner party the other day, I stood in a group, of which two ladies were members, whose dresses were cut like those of La Villiere and Madame Du Barry, recalling the worst days of Bourbon indecency.

It would not take many women of the proper type, as members of Congress, to put a period to all such shameless proceedings as these. But until women are elected actual members, the lobby will continue the strongest element at the Capitol.

Frightful Picture.—The Leavenworth daily *Commercial* has an artist who paints Woman Suffrage in colors like these:

It breaks up at one fell sweep, the whole domestic and natural relations of the sexes and of society. It makes the individual instead of the family the unit of society, a graver mistake than which could not be made. By assuming an unmodified equality between the sexes, by placing woman on an equality with man, it robs her of that kindly care, that generous regard, and tender affection with which man now regards her. And among the suggestions we make is another, not before directly referred to—the new movement is a covert advance of infidelity, *an attack on Divine Revelation*; for everywhere in revelation, as well as in nature, the male is the natural director and ruler of anything like family or domestic relations.

And the writer of the like of this, claims to be one of those very *male* beings he styles "*the natural director and ruler.*" Alas for the fated

The Revolution.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, PARKER PILLSBURY, } Editors.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MARCH 25, 1869.

To Subscribers.—How to Send Money.—For large sums, checks on New York banks or bankers, made payable *to the order of* Susan B. Anthony.

POST-OFFICE MONEY ORDERS

may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as *thousands have been sent to us without any loss.*

REGISTERED LETTERS,

under the new system, which went into effect June 1st, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. *Observe, the Registry fee,* as well as postage, *must be paid in stamps* at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. *Buy and affix the stamp both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it.* Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

The American Equal Rights Association will hold its Anniversary in New York, at Steinway Hall, Wednesday and Thursday, May 12th and 13th, and in Brooklyn, Academy of Music, on Friday, the 14th.

After a century of discussion on the rights of citizens in a republic, and the gradual extension of Suffrage, without property or educational qualifications, to all white men, the thought of the nation has turned for the last thirty years to negroes and women.

And in the enfranchisement of black men by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution, the Congress of the United States has now virtually established on this continent an aristocracy of sex; an aristocracy hitherto unknown in the history of nations.

With every type and shade of manhood thus exalted above their heads, there never was a time when all women, rich and poor, white and black, native and foreign, should be so wide awake to the degradation of their position, and so persistent in their demands to be recognized in the government.

Woman's enfranchisement is now a practical question in England and the United States. With bills before Parliament, Congress and all our State Legislatures—with such able champions as John Stuart Mill and George William Curtis, woman need but speak the word to secure her political freedom to-day.

We sincerely hope that in the coming National Anniversary every State and Territory, east and west, north and south, will be represented. We invite delegates, too, from all those countries in the Old World where women are demanding their political rights.

Let there be a grand gathering in the metropolis of the nation, that Republicans and Democrats may alike understand, that with the women of this country lies a political power in the future, that both parties would do well to respect.

The following speakers from the several states are already pledged: Anna E. Dickinson, Frederick Douglass, Mary E. Livermore, Madam Anneke, Lilly Peckham, Phebe Couzens. M. H. Brinkerhoff. Other names hereafter.

LUCRETIA MOTT, President.

Vice-Presidents.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, New York.
Frederick Douglass, "
Henry Ward Beecher, "
Martha C. Wright, "
Frances D. Gage, "
Olympia Brown, Massachusetts.
Elizabeth B. Chase, Rhode Island.
Charles Prince, Connecticut.
Robert Purvis, Pennsylvania.
Antoinette B. Blackwell, New Jersey.
Josephine S. Griffing, Washington, D. C.
Thomas Garrett, Delaware.
Stephen H. Camp, Ohio.
Euphemia Cochrane, Michigan.
Mary A. Livermore, Illinois.
Mrs. I. H. Sturgeon, Missouri.
Amelia Bloomer, Iowa.
Mary A. Starrett, Kansas.
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Corresponding Secretary.

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Susan B. Anthony,
Theodore Tilton,
Margaret E. Winchester,
Abby Hutchinson Patton,
Oliver Johnson,
Mrs. Horace Greeley,
Abby Hopper Gibbons,
Elizabeth Smith Miller.

☞ Communications and Contributions may be addressed to John J. Merritt, 131 William street, New York.

☞ Newspapers friendly, please publish this Call.

No Text.—A Boston correspondent of the Chicago *Advance* complains of the Free Religious meeting discourses there on Sunday afternoons that "not one of them has yet had a text from the Bible." The Sermon on the Mount is open to the same objection.

PETER AND PAUL IN THE TOLEDO CONVENTION.

Mrs. E. Cady Stanton—*Madam:* In response to your request, my friend Paul and myself desire to submit a suggestion or two on the subject of Female Suffrage.

We being male by the accident of birth cannot be expected to see things exactly from the standpoint assumed by yourself and Miss Anthony; for we also have suffered and become strong under the influence of dead men's laws and dead men's wisdom; but, owing to the bias of early education, have hitherto placed a high value on the legacy left us by the dead men. Being dead they yet speak unto us—Why do you point the finger of scorn at dead men? For the limited sum of our attainments in knowledge and virtue, we confess before all men (consequently before all women) that we are much indebted to them.

Do you seek to build an equal partnership with males on a foundation so shocking to their filial piety?

You cannot deny the fact of the male head of the family from Adam down. There he was from the beginning—and now is a stubborn fact. Is he destined to fade away and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave only female relicts behind him? Or, is he, like the king, to continue his existence by representation? Deal gently with the dead men, or if not, state why not. In the second place, has it never occurred to you that wages of females, like wages of males, depend somewhat on the proportion of supply to demand? And further that there are vocations where women actually do get higher pay than men for doing the same things? Will Suffrage cure this inequality?

Thirdly, Has not intense and long-continued contemplation of Female Suffrage in the abstract, a tendency to produce partial and exaggerated views of its importance and visionary dreams of its efficacy as a panacea for female ills?

Fourthly, Is the agitation for Female Suffrage a new thing, or only a new form of an old thing?

Fifthly, Do you, or either of you, consider equality of the sexes on "a horizontal plane, midway between Dante and Blackstone," a practical thing? If so, who is to draw the line and level the surface?

Sixthly, You admit, and cite Buckle, and California, to prove the civilizing, christianizing, elevating power of woman in society with and over man, as an existing, active reality.

Do you maintain that the divine power of woman owes any of its past manifestations or present influence to Female Suffrage? Do you recognize the profound wisdom of the Ruler who hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty? Do you know the magic of beauty? The charm of grace and elegance? The brilliancy of wit? The enthusiasm of love? What Adam, poor man, would have been without woman, no tongue can tell.

Will Female Suffrage help to spread this soft, sweet, all-pervading influence of woman?

Now, you know how, in the beginning, woman voted on the apple question. That vote has not hitherto been considered a good thing. Paul, who is a little vain of happening to bear the name of the great apostle, makes this further objection to Woman's Suffrage and negro suffrage. He thinks he sees mischief in the whole thing Too many fools vote already.

We respectfully offer these suggestions as targets. You are invited to attack them with reason, wit, ridicule, sarcasm, in fact with your whole artillery at point blank. Crush out their fallacies. Expose and explode their follies. But spare the captive males who may be left alive after the victory is won.

In the grand triumphant procession which shall march to the inauguration of Female Suffrage, we shall be only too happy to appear, chained to the chariot-wheels of the victorious females who so gallantly have devoted their eloquence and wit to the cause of Woman's Rights.

Your attentive and pleased hearers,

Peter—A Male Voter.
Paul—A Male Voter.

Toledo, March 5, 1869.

We do not point the finger of scorn at dead men. We only say that live ones understand the issues of this hour better than those who are under the sod.

We are happy to acknowledge our indebtedness to them for every step in progress they made possible in their day and generation; and our duty is to move on; and make the next generation equally indebted to us; this is the true way of manifesting our gratitude. It is as

absurd for a man to cling to the opinions of dead men, merely because they are old, as to imagine himself great or respectable because his grandfather was so before him.

As to Adam's headship, if you will refer to Genesis chap. 1, verses 26, 27, you will see that our first parents were a simultaneous creation, and to *them* was given command of everything then moving upon earth. Of all the strong-minded women in the Bible, there's no mention of their acknowledging a superior head. In the old Testament, they led armies, governed nations interpreted the books of the law, bewitched men, drove nails in their ears, cut of their hair, and their heads even, and threw them over the wall. And in the New Testament, they preached, and prayed, and prophesied, were recognized by Jesus and his apostles, who declared that in Christ there was neither male nor female, but all one in him. This headship is a male idea to be disposed of in the new dispensation. In the second place, we have often studied the principles of political economy with reference to women, and we see clearly that in proportion as we can open new avenues for employment to women, we shall decrease the supply in the few where they now labor. When, by the ballot, they are school commissioners, superintendents, trustees, governors, senators, presidents, doctors, lawyers, ministers, etc., etc., there will not be so many to teach school, and run sewing machines; and when the supply is not greater than the demand, wages will go up.

Thirdly, If we are to believe the teachings of statesmen, on both continents, the power and dignity of the ballot cannot be exaggerated. John Bright thinks the ballot is the grea panacea for English workingmen, and Charlet Sumner for the southern freedmen. He says it is "the Columbiad of our political life, and every citizen who has it is a full armed monitor." (What is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose.)

Fourthly. The agitation for Woman's Suffrage is no new thing. It is the old idea of "equality" planted in every human soul; the idea that has made all the Revolutions of the centuries, the same whether under the guise of serfdom, peasantry, or the slavery of color, and sex; an agitation that is never to end until the natural, inalienable rights of all are recognized. This idea of equality is represented in government by the ballot in the hand of every citizen.

Fifthly, I do consider equality a practical thing, and when woman gets her hand on the helm of government, she will soon teach her *sons* how "to draw the line, and level the surface," for we do not propose to use the shovel and the hoe, but to sit in the easy chairs in the capitols and make laws for our Adams to execute.

Sixthly, Just in proportion as woman's condition has approached *equality* with man, has her influence over him increased. The right of Suffrage is the ultimatum of political equality, which the women of this country are clutching to-day, and we shall soon see the consummation of the divine power poets have sung through the ages. Then "the weak things of earth will not confound the mighty," but clear up their muddled brains, purify their salacious hearts, and teach them the magic power of health, strength, manly vigor, and a sweet breath, untainted by rum and tobacco. There can be no enthusiasm in a woman's love for the type of manhood now extant. What the *future* Adams will be under the dynasty of woman, no tongue can tell, for with the right of Suffrage our "soft, sweet, all-pervading influences" will be omnipresent, not only in the up-risings and down-sittings of the home, but in the marts of trade and commerce, in the courts of justice and the halls of legislation.

Lastly, I disagree with Peter and Paul as to the effect on civilization of the action of women at that ancient polling booth, the apple tree, where our first parents and his Satanic majesty held council together. That act was the unlocking to the human family of all the realms of knowledge and thought; but for that, Moses and Aaron, Samson and Solomon, Columbus, Newton, Fulton and Cyrus Field, would have been to this hour listlessly sunning themselves on the grassy slopes of Paradise, ignorant of the laws of their being and everything beyond their own horizon. Yes, when Eve took her destiny in her own hand and set minds spinning down through all the spheres of time, she declared humanity omnipotent, and to-day thinking people are wrapt in wonder and admiration at the inventions and discoveries of science, the grandeur of man's conceptions, and the magnitude of his works.

"Too many fools (white male) vote already!!" Substitute intelligent women, and black men. The laws of the several states disqualify "idiots." Carry out the requisitions of your own constitution.

When women are educated, with large brains and large waists, there will not be so many fools. When women are independent and self-supporting, they will ignore all relations with men who chew tobacco and drink rum, and thus end idiocy, lunacy and the long train of diseases that come from such base associations.

In the grand triumphal march to the inauguration of Female Suffrage, there will be no chains or slavery, and if Peter and Paul are pure-minded men who, like Train, neither smoke, nor chew, nor drink, nor lie, nor steal, nor swear, take Turkish baths and wear clean linen, we shall be glad to have them, not tied to our chariot-wheels, but "smiling and happy on an even platform by our side." E. C. S.

TENURE OF OFFICE BILL.

To break or not to break—that is the question—with the Senate as to the curb bridle with which President Johnson was reined in, during his last year and more. It is certain now, at least so thinks the Senate, that it is likely to be as needful for Grant as it was for Johnson. It would be pardonable in the Senate to distrust the President, were it and the House of Representatives any more safe and reliable. But it is very certain that Congress will do nothing and withhold nothing which would tend, directly or remotely (however remotely), to loosen its hold on the power and plunder it now enjoys. This again would be pardonable, had the republican party proved itself any way better, any more competent, or more disinterested and patriotic than the democratic party. But it has not. It has seen and rebuked the democratic party for many great wrongs. But instead of avoiding, it has imitated them, until now the country has not more or less to dread from one party than the other. THE REVOLUTION has intimated heretofore that President Grant *might* leave the White House under even more dishonor than did his late predecessor. The intimation each week, seems more and more likely to prove true. His silence and cigar have been interpreted by his adorers as only shrouding superior wisdom to burst forth with sublime effulgence at the proper time. Now he has spoken, written and acted. And the congressional Argus appears to distrust him more than ever. Like the man with a wolf by the ears, which he couldn't hold and didn't dare to let go, the Senate holds on to the Tenure of office bill. Meanwhile Gen. Longstreet is far from being the only rebel on whom the President has looked with favor in making appointments, to say nothing of his own family circle, very numerous and of course not to be forgotten, whose loyality however in several instances is said to have been very questionable.

Were Congress any better than the President the Tenure of office Act should by no means be repealed, for the new administration so far has been little more than a succession of blunders, with little prospect yet of any improvement.

P. P.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE FOR UTAH.

MORMONISM is invaded from a new point. On the 15th instant Mr. Julian introduced the following bill into Congress to discourage polygamy in Utah by granting the right of Suffrage to the women of that Territory:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the passage of this act the right of Suffrage in the Territory of Utah shall belong to, and may be exercised by, the people thereof, without any distinction or discrimination whatever founded on sex.

The bill was read twice, referred to the Committee on Territories and ordered to be printed. According to the showing of Mr. Willcox last week in THE REVOLUTION, only the vote of woman can save Washington to republicanism against a return of rebellion rule. The vote of woman is needed no less in Utah for similar reasons. Why not make it another "military necessity" case, and let the experiment be tried in both places?

Since the above was in type, the subjoined have come to hand. Mr. Julian, on leave, introduced the following bill, further to extend the right of Suffrage in the District of Columbia:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the passage of this act the right of Suffrage in the District of Columbia shall be based upon citizenship; and all citizens of the United States, native and naturalized, resident in said District, who are twenty-one years of age, of sound mind, and who have not forfeited this right by crime, shall enjoy the same equally, irrespective of sex.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

Also a bill further to extend the right of suffrage in the Territories of the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the passage of this act the right of Suffrage in all the Territories of the United States, now or hereafter to be organized, shall be based upon citizenship; and all citizens of the United States, native or naturalized, resident in said Territories, who are twenty-one years of age, of sound mind, and who have not forfeited their right by crime, shall enjoy the same equally, irrespective of sex.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That all acts or parts of acts, either by Congress or the

legislative assemblies of said Territories, inconsistent with the provisions of this act, are hereby declared null and void.

Mr. Julian, on leave, introduced also the following joint resolution, proposing an amendment to the constitution of the United States :

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two-thirds concurring), That the following article be submitted to the legislatures of the several states, and when adopted by three-fourths of the states shall become a part of the constitution of the United States, and be known as article sixteenth of amendments to said constitution :

Article XVI. The right of suffrage in the United States shall be based upon citizenship, and shall be regulated by Congress ; and all citizens of the United States, whether native or naturalized, shall enjoy this right equally, without any distinction or discrimination whatever founded on sex.

ONONDAGA COUNTY EQUAL RIGHTS CONVENTION.

The County Convention of the friends of Equal Rights met at the City Hall in Syracuse, on Friday last, and was called to order by the Rev. Samuel J. May, on whose motion C. D. B. Mills was made temporary Chairman, and Mrs. Dr. Raymond temporary Secretary.

The different parts of the county were well represented and the delegates having been registered, the convention was permanently organized by choice of Rev. Mr. May as President, Mrs. M. E. J. Gage, Mrs. C. D. B. Mills, and several others as Vice-Presidents, and Mrs. Jessie White and Miss Ellen Smith, Secretaries. A series of resolutions was very ably discussed by a great number and variety of speakers—one of which was this :

Resolved, That the crying political need of the hour is the formation of a new political organization, based upon exact and equal justice to all classes of the people.

The business of the convention concluded, it adjourned itself into a meeting for discussion of the general subject of Woman's Rights and Responsibilities, and all persons present were invited to participate. The interest was such at the close as to warrant an adjournment for one week when the subject will be further considered.

The Woman Question in 1776.—A Washington correspondent of the Boston *Watchman and Reflector* unfolds a fact in revolutionary history that will be new to many. After allusions to women's voting in New Jersey, it is further added that the question was started and warmly discussed in other sections of the land when the new theatre for the exercise of political freedom was opened after the American Revolution. The sister of Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, then a widow, possessed of large landed interests in Richmond, wrote a letter still preserved, in which, with the skill of an advocate, she asked what became of the doctrine on which the colonies had contended for independence, "No taxation without representation," if women paying large taxes had no representation, while a beardless boy, because he was a male and twenty-one, had a controlling vote in governmental affairs? The fathers of our country who discussed so long the Federal constitution, did not leave this question without practical consideration.

"THE SUN" CLOUDED.

What does the *Sun*, usually so effulgent, mean by this :

Some benevolent but weak-minded people are pressing Congress to enact that female employees of the government shall be paid the same wages as is paid to males for the same kind of work. At first sight this seems a very reasonable request, but it must be remembered that Congress, like all the other agents of the nation, is under a moral obligation to get the nation's work done at the lowest market rate of compensation ; and if that rate for women's labor is less than it is for men's, all paid beyond it is so much given away for nothing. We had better get rid of our debts before we begin to make presents either to women or men out of the people's money.

"Congress is under obligation," "moral" and legal, to legislate for the rights and interests of the people, the whole people—not a part—not a class—not a sex. Why do women have to labor at half prices, not only in Washington, but all over the country? Both law and custom keep them out of almost all remunerative employments. One more turn of the screw, and woman is every way as much a slave as any negro who ever delved under the cow-skin and cart-whip. Women don't want "presents." They only demand fair play. "Justice, not favors," is the motto and demand of The Revolution. "Men, their rights, nothing more—Women, their rights, nothing less."

A Shameful Fact.—It was said when Alaska was under purchase, that if we had it, we should at once have war with the fragments of Indian tribes resident there, while not only the Russians but the Hudson Bay Company have lived in peace with them for generations. And it so turns out. The United States are in a quarrel already with them, and hence, both the U. S. Army and U. S. Navy are after a handful of wretches, to drive them from the face of the earth. Indian traders and selfish squatters are at the bottom of all this new commotion, which means an Indian war in far off Alaska. The only reason why they are not shelled at out once, we are assured, is because their villages are far from the sea, and cannot be reached. By and by, Congress will be asked for some millions of dollars to destroy a few hundreds of Alaska Indians. President Grant, it is said, proposes to send Quaker Commissioners among them and see if he cannot have peace with them in that way. If Quakers fail, let him send deputations of women, and see what they will do.

Sound Political Economy.—In Turkey every child of the Sultan must learn a trade or acquire an art. In England the Prince of Wales became a member of the fishmongers' guild, and Prince Albert was elected to a seat among the worshipful company of tailors. In olden times the nobility held themselves above the condition of mechanics, and hence the Indic legend, that the priesthood sprung from the head, the soldier from the arms, and the artisan from the feet of the god Brama. Woman has a still lower origin in Brahminical philosophy, and a more desperate fate, and hence so many slaughters of female infants by Hindoo mothers.

House-Hunting.—This is a business or rather an experience little known in the country. In New York city it is becoming more and more a terror to families having young children. Many landlords have a standing rule to let no house to such. It is believed by many reflecting persons that this adds greatly to the registry of infanticide, so frightfully on the increase.

UNION OF SOROSIS AND THE PRESS.

THE GOOD TIME HAS COME.

The good time has been coming so long, we can hardly realize it already here. The meeting of the Sorosis and Press on Saturday night last, at Delmonico's, where both sexes, for once, stood on an equality of manhood and womanhood is the most remarkable of this century. The spiritual world hovered around the table of the great reform. Nothing but kind words were passed from man to woman and from woman to man. No cigars, no spittoons, no drunkenness, no profane words, no impolite jests. Our want of space shuts out the brave speeches of the women—the noble words of the men. Nor can we name the brilliant Poets, Orators, and Editors that smiled upon The Revolution. No longer will women sit in the gallery while men eat and drink and smoke. No longer will wives and daughters be left at home to mend and cook and mourn. No longer will husband and wife be separated by Clubs, Bigotry and Custom, for the Sorosis and the Press have given the signal that "strong minded" women as well as "weak minded" men shall be acknowledged in the world as human beings. Our short hand reporter gives us the following as the substance of what we said, not as it appeared in some of the papers.

Toast—"Why don't the men propose?"

Miss Anthony—Precisely the question, gentlemen, that has puzzled my brain for the last quarter of a century. My private opinion, however, is, that it is not that the men do not propose, but that it is not the *right* ones who do. But, gentlemen, we "strong-minded" are working hard to relieve you from this embarrassing question ; and, so soon as you give women equal chance in money-getting, we shall make our own fortunes, build our own brown stone fronts, and invite the grandest of you to share them with us. The proprietor of The Revolution, to-night, has practically demonstrated this theory, by inviting and bringing to this Press dinner the "*Coming* Man of the White House for 1872."

(We need not tell our readers it was Mr. Train who was thus honored.)

Gentlemen managers, let us congratulate you on your success. You deserve our commendation. Lady managers, accept our thanks for your magnificent banquet of speeches, and poems, and flowers. The next time, let us have pictures on the walls, fountains playing and birds singing, for of such is the kingdom of the good time coming. S. B. A.

LADIES AT PUBLIC DINNERS.

A custom has grown up latterly, in this country as in England, of which we cordially approve, bearing somewhat on "woman's mission" as the civilizer of life. We refer to the attendance of ladies at public dinners. At the Dramatic Sick Fund Association dinner, lately given in London, a considerable number of the gentler sex were expected to attend, and one was announced to respond to a sentiment.

Concerning convivial speech-making by ladies there may be two opinions, but surely their presence at the banquet is every way desirable. At the last anniversary of the New England society, the festivity was brightened by the participation in it of several ladies, but they were not made a sufficiently prominent part of the entertainment. Ladies are by far the loveliest ornaments of a dinner table, and their presence acts as a wholesome restraint upon the revellers. Gentlemen will never forget that they are gentlemen under the eyes and in the hearing of pure and refined women.—*Evening Post.*

What a confession, and yet how just, that "gentlemen" need *restraining* at commemorative dinners!

WOMAN'S PROPERTY RIGHTS IN ILLINOIS.

The west is now well awake to the importance of justice to woman. Illinois is fortunate in having one woman not only well versed in the laws as they are, but able also to suggest both in fact and form what they should be. The editor of the Chicago *Legal News* (editress as she chooses to designate herself) has been down to Springfield to visit and assist the legislature in their work, the result of which is, that a bill giving to a married woman her own earnings and the right to sue for the same in her own name; also one giving to a widow her award in all cases, whether her husband died testate or intestate, and making such award a first class claim preferred, and some others, both drawn by her, have passed both houses of the General Assembly, and only await the signature of Governor Palmer, of which she is sure, to become laws.

Williams's College Banquet and Women.—The alumni of Williams's College had a dinner and high times generally at the Astor House a few evenings since, and the papers announced that gentlemen attending the dinner would be allowed to introduce ladies into the dining hall at 8 p.m., in time to listen to the addresses; and arrangements were to be made for the occupation by the ladies of one of the parlors, until the time for their reception in the dining hall. Not long since a thrilling account was given in the papers of the country, of a *Men*-agerie of the same breed of animals getting a dinner in a large hall the gallery being filled with ladies looking down with great interest upon them *even while they fed!* Handy creatures for audience, or back ground on such occasions are ladies. It is not told whether they were permitted to share the crumbs that fell from their master's table, or whether the dogs had all.

Woman as a Missionary.—One woman has, during the past two years, organized and kept together a mission and educational movement among the colored people of this city. She has now a regular mission Sunday school, a day school, under the direction and support of the city authorities, through her efforts, and has also kept up a night school through the winter. Last Christmas, she got up a Christmas tree, and procured, by her own exertions, money enough to furnish 200 presents to her pupils. Working now in a sphere which brings under her influence as many as five hundred colored men, women and children, she is, as she has been, unostentatious and unobtrusive in speaking of her sacrifices and past efforts to promote the good of the lonely and the unfortunate. Has any *man* done better Missionary work? Did she *unsex* herself in leaving household duties and attempting to reform and elevate her mothers and sisters? She is seeing every day the evils of unjust laws. She also has had to work constantly against the curse of intemperance. *Why* shouldn't she vote and have some voice in these laws?

Not Bad.—There is an old English statute which prohibits people from getting married after a certain hour in the day, because such a solemn obligation ought to be entered into only when the parties are duly sober! A better law than that exists in some parts of Germany, where parties are not allowed to marry at all, unless they can give good assurance that they never are drunk, forenoon, or afternoon.

Woman as Post Master.—The President presumes the Tenure of Office act will not interfere with the appointment of women to the post-offices, and is already doing a good work in that direction. Elizabeth Van Lew, of Richmond, Va., in acknowledgment of important service to the Union army during the rebellion; Eliza F. Evans, at Ravenna, Ohio; Emily J. C. Bushnell, at Stirling, Ill., were all appointed in one day, and confirmed the next. The *Sun* says truly: "Miss Van Lew is perfectly competent to carry on the business of that post-office, although it is considerable; but she especially merits such recognition by her services during the war. In the darkest days of the Union cause she was faithful to her country; and though surrounded by rebels, she never disguised her patriotism. Again and again she relieved the sufferings of our prisoners at Belle Isle and Libby, and at the peril of her life manifested her sympathiy for the old flag on every possible occasion."

The New York *Herald*, too, has a tolerably good, though coarsely expressed opinion on the general subject, thus:

A Miss Elizabeth Van Lew, "for important services rendered the Union army during the rebellion," is handsomely rewarded with the snug berth of the post-office of Richmond, Va. This is an important recognition of women's services and Women's Rights from the new administration. The ballot for the women is a myth; but a good fat office is substantial bread and butter, silk dresses, and rings and bracelets, and, peradventure, a good husband. In the matter of suffrage the niggers (males) are ahead of the women; but in the matter of the federal spoils, the women have cash-paying rights which the niggers so far have vainly aspired to reach. The Revolutionary junta of women and the Sorosis of this city, in behalf of Women's Rights, ought to be satisfied to "fight it out on this line" upon the established maxim that a fat office is better than a lean ballot.

The "ballot" is not "lean" in a man's hand, but the talisman that brings many fat things. And woman proposes to secure that also, with the other.

Mercy to Woman.—The Philadelphia *News*, a paper severely democratic, under the heading of Mercy to Woman, discourses thus:

A dispatch from Washington to a Sunday paper states that there is great consternation among the female clerks in that city, consequent on the sharpening up of the knives of the guillotine, and adds that the President was besieged on Saturday by troops of these fair "demoiselles," some of whom appealed to him with flowing tears that they might not be turned out without a means of support. We do not know whether it is in contemplation to hold the female clerks responsible for the opinions of their friends or not, but we suggest to the "powers that be," that such a thing would be disgraceful in the extreme. We have no objection to the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils," but brave men never visit the horrors of war on the defenceless, if they can avoid doing so If women are turned out of office on account of their opinions, give them the right to vote, so that they can make their thoughts of practical effect on election day.

Mechanical Matrimony.—It was a new, and perhaps not so bad an idea as might be, that was put in action the other day in South Carolina. The newspapers state that at a recent wedding there, a lawyer proposed that one man in the company should be selected as president, that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all the communications that should be forwarded to him in his offical department that night, that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the name of the person each wished to marry, then hand it to the president for inspection, and if any lady and gentleman had reciprocally chosen each other the president was to imform each of the result, and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice were to be kept entirely secret. After the appointment of the president, communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that twelve young ladies and gentlemen had reciprocal choices, and eleven of the twelve matches were so solemnized.

John Bright in the Cabinet.—A man may succeed before a jury and fail with the judges. John Bright once wrote a letter on the question of Suffrage for women that showed him a demagogue of the first or worst water. In the British Cabinet his "shining qualities" seem likely to be thrown away. The London correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* says the principal Ministers are evidently not working very smoothly with each other, and this will produce mischief before the new Parliament is much older. Mr. Bright frets in harness, and will not—probably cannot—pull well with his colleagues. Once already he has been over the traces. People would never have been satisfied if Mr. Bright had not gone into the Ministry, but he entered it, apparently only to prove how unfitted he is for the bonds and chains of office work. Without uttering predictions we may express the belief, now pretty generally held, that Mr. Bright will not be able to reconcile himself to a protracted spell of office. He is an embarrassment to his colleagues. He is in his element when a great abuse has to be redressed, or some cherished cause to be advocated. But when everything has been conceded to him—when there are no longer enemies to overcome—his great tatents seem to be thrown away.

Our Thanks.—We are not only indebted to George Francis Train for a host of articles and many kind words of commendation for The Revolution, but we wish to make our acknowledgments for substantial remittances towards the glorious cause of woman's emancipation of six hundred and forty dollars, the proceeds of various lectures. Will some of our other friends who persist in calling Mr. Train a "Charletan" "Blatherskite" and "Lunatic" do as much for Equal Rights? S. B. A.

A Bad Look.—It is always held that a people is not better than its laws. The Senate of Michigan has just enacted that, if any person shall hereafter willfully insult, or willfully and indecently annoy any female, by obscene or indecent word or words, act or acts, such person shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction therefor shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail not more than six months, or by a fine not exceeding $100.

Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Sarah F. Norton, will give lectures on Woman Suffrage, Work and Wages, as follows:

Elmira, Thursday, 25th.
Waverley, Friday, 26th.
Owego, Saturday, 27th.
Deposit, Monday, 29th.
Middletown, Wednesday, 31st.
Port Jervis, Friday, April 2d.

Birmingham, Conn.—Several ladies in that enterprizing town have invited Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony to address a meeting there, which they will do on the evening of the 31st instant.

WOMEN OF CUBA, GIVE ME YOUR HAND.—The Cuban women ask the women of America to stand by them in THE REVOLUTION.

Let us have Freedom or give us war. Cuba must be free. Fair Cubans, draw on me at sight for fair words. Belligereut Rights—Cuban Independence and moral support, *everything but money*, for I am with you in the fight.

BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE.

Erie, Junior, after *Pacific, Senior*, is getting spicy. How little the country people know the origin of systems. Where the boots are sound, who can see the holes in the stockings? Do you remember my Blackboard figures at Cooper Institute, P. P., where I showed that the Pacific Railway, Credit Mobilier, and Credit Foncier were originated, organized, and executed over my table? where I showed that Durant was President of the Credit Mobilier, Train President of the Credit Foncier. The one owning the contract, the otner the towns with one hundred millions Pacific Capital between us. How can Erie, Junior, tell which is Blucher and which Wellington? Judge Barnard is dead beat, wouldn't it be a joke to discover that the Credit Foncier was the real party after all? It is a wise child that is always out gathering the early worm. G. F. T.

CLEAR THE TRACK.--Geo. Francis Train delivered his fifty-eighth *War with England* lecture of his course of *six hundred* before a large audience in New York, Saturday night, for the benefit of the Ladies' Father Matthew T. A. B. Society. His Celtic army voted unanimously for Woman Suffrage. Mr. Train left yesterday for Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Maine to speak forty successive nights for Freedom.

G. F. T.—Somebody asks of *Packard's Monthly* for "a full, satisfactory description of George Francis Train." The *Mont ly* refers the writer to the gentleman himself; and says "a letter directed to him at New York, London, Dublin or Omaha will be sure to find him, and quite as sure to elicit a response."

MISS ANTHONY AT AMENIA.—The meeting at Amenia last week, was every way most satisfactory. Miss Anthony says a more cordial reception or candid and earnest hearing, she could not have asked; and she hoped the visit may before very long be repeated.

AMERICA IN ASIA.—A notice of Capt. Moreno's excellent Pamphlet thus entitled, and much other matter, postponed, unavoidably. Meanwhile let all who are interested in the present and future of that vast domain, obtain the work.

MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH and Miss Olive Logan will assist at the approaching Equal Rights Anniversary.

WORKING MEN'S CONVENTION.—The New Haven Convention is postponed to Tuesday, April 20th.

A MORMON APOLOGY.—The Salt Lake *Telegraph*, in defending the peculiar institution of Mormonism, remarks: "The fact is, polygamy has existed about as long as human nature has, and still only a small part of mankind are really and truly monogamists, for most of those who are not polywived are polywomened."

WOMEN'S RIGHTS AND THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Gentlemen of the Pacific Railway, you have given the senators an excursion—the congressmen, the editors, the bishops, the merchants and the bankers—over the Rocky Mountains. Don't you think it about time to invite the women to a grand excursion over the mountains and the prairies? Do we not pay taxes? Have we no power? Are we really nobody? Do you not get *fifty millions* from government? *Have the women laid an injunction on your progress?* Do we not help pay the interest? Will the *Ruling King*, Thomas C. Durant, take the hint? Will Oliver Ames be kind enough to reserve for us a special car to San Francisco?

WHO WROTE IT?—A Letter dated at *Brookfarm* (no state, no name) has come to hand with four dollars. Who sent it?

THE GOLDEN RULE.—"Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them!"—WOMAN'S RURAL MAGAZINE, devoted to the Suppression of Intemperance! The exposition and advocacy of the principles of Good Templarism! The Industrial, Intellectual, Social and Moral Elevation of Woman, the Family and the Race, through the dissemination of a Healthful Literature, and the Practical application of the Golden Rule to all the relations of life. Thoughtful, Sincere, Practical, Earnest, and Vigorous! Edited by women, illustrated by women, printed by women, published by a woman, in the interest of women, for the good of mankind. A large corps of able and distinguished contributors and a correspondent in every Lodge in the state. Thirty-two double-column pages, monthly. Single subscriptions $2 a year. In Clubs of ten or more, at $1.50. Invariably in advance. All communications should be addressed to the Editor and Proprietor, Mrs. M. B. Dickinson, Olean, N. Y.

THE BENEDICT TIME WATCH

THE enterprising firm of Benedict Brothers have now ready at their "up-town" establishment, 691 Broadway, an extensive and elegant assortment of Gold and Silver Watches for the Fall trade of 1868, to which they invite the attention of the readers of "THE REVOLUTION" and all others who desire a perfect TIME-KEEPER. Their stock comprises the various grades of the American Waltham and the choicest imported watches. They have also, in addition, a fine quality of watch which they have named the "Benedict Time Watch," they having the supervision of the manufacture of the movements, which are of nickel, which has proved to be a metal more durable than brass or other compound metals, and less liable to contraction or expansion by the fluctuating character of the temperature of this climate. This movement gives greater accuracy and requires less repairs than the others. Their stock of American Watches is unrivalled. All the various grades may be found at their counters at the lowest prices, regulated and in every respect warranted. The Messrs. Benedict Brothers have secured their reputation and extensive patronage by a strictly honorable course in conducting their business, selling the best of goods at fair prices. We feel safe in commending this establishment to the consideration of our readers, and would say to all, if you want a good, relible Watch, go to Benedict Brothers, up town, 691 Broadway.

Financial Department.

THE REVOLUTION.

VOL. III.—NO. 12.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.—*America versus Europe—Gold, like our Cotton, FOR SALE. Greenbacks for Money. An American System of Finance. American Products and Labor Free. Open doors to Artisans and Immigrants. Atlantic and Pacific Oceans for AMERICAN Steamships and Shipping. New York the Financial Centre of the World. Wall Street emancipated from Bank of England, or American Cash for American Bills. The Credit Foncier and Credit Mobilier System, or Capital Mobilized to Resuscitate the South and our Mining Interests, and to People the Country from Ocean to Ocean, from Omaha to San Francisco. More organized Labor, more Cotton, more Gold and Silver Bullion to sell foreigners at the highest prices. Ten millions of Naturalized Citizens DEMAND. A PENNY OCEAN POSTAGE, to Strengthen the Brotherhood of Labor, and keep bright the chain of friendship between them and their Father Land.*

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

From the Meriden (Ct.) Recorder, March 5th.

A STARTLING PICTURE OF THE FUTURE.

THE audience insisted upon knowing Mr. Train's opinion of Grant's inaugural address. He had already been speaking two hours, and although it was ten o'clock, the audience seemed unwilling to move. We do not purpose to repeat verbatim Mr. Train's words, but this was the substance of the startling story which so astonished our good people:

THREE CHEERS FOR GRANT.

Mr. Train—Grant's inaugural of course was written by him. He is a man of gigantic power. His wonderful secretiveness covers up his hidden wisdom. He has great general knowledge of men and things. (Laughter.) He is underrated. The radical organs are too feeble in their praise. Reading the inaugural of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, they all doubt their ability to fill the position. But Grant says he will advise Congress and veto when the country demands it. Suppose you have a revival in your churches: Grant will advise Congress. Suppose I get the country agitated on women voting: the General will express his opinions to Congress. Suppose there is a Know-Something party organized: Grant will give us a message to Congress. But to the inaugural. I must go back seven years, to show you a singular plot. In 1862, Seward sent Weed to London, as special ambassador. I was then keeping the American flag flying over the *London American* newspaper. I had tried to borrow five pounds of Adams, of Peabody, of Weed, for the Union paper; but these sterling patriots had no money for America. Peabody was a secessionist. (Sensation.) Then came the Mason and Slidell affair Wilkes sent a thrill through every Union heart. The excitement was fearful.

SPECULATING ON OUR DISTRESS.

Palmerston dispatched ten thousand troops to Halifax, and sent off a fleet of war. Seward wrote Weed that he should give up the men. Weed told Adams—and took in Peabody as a copartner. Lord Lyons told Palmerston—and Palmerston took Rothschild into his confidence. These six men alone knew that Seward would give up Mason and Slidell—that there would be no war between England and the United States. And yet, they were silent. Down went the American stocks. Down, down, fell our securities. Peabody bought right and left. So did Rothschild. Peabody made twenty millions of dollars; Rothschild made forty—out of our national misfortune. Then came the new pool to be given America

THE PEABODY PRESIDENTIAL POOL.

Peabody gave £100,000 to the London poor with Weed, Stanley and Adams for trustees. The plan was, to make this great speculation the base to control America through both political parties. Adams was to be the democratic nominee, and Stanton and Seward were to sandwich him as they had Buchanan, Lincoln and Johnson. In case the democrats should not win, they would tack Grant. Peabody came to America, gave one million dollars to—the South—the Grant pool money. Look at the trustees. Grant is the head-centre. I headed off Adams with the Fenians. Belmont, in the pool, played Seymour against Chase. Grant is elected. Seward tacks on to the Grant Money Ring, the Japanese Gunboat Ring, the Alaska Ring, the St. Thomas Ring, the Whiskey Ring—and with this money buys up the Senate and Congress, and sends Reverdy Johnson to sell us out on the Alabama claims, and Irish Americans in British jails. (Sensation.)

THE CHECKMATE.

Time passes on. I intuitively understand the little game. I threaten to tear down the British legation

unless Warren and Costello are free in sixty days. (Applause.) On the forty-fifth day, their bastiles are open. Reverdy Johnson is checkmated, and the English ring so far smashed—when out pops Grant's inaugural! (*A Voice*—"Is he a Fenian?) *Mr. Train*—No; he is a dove on an olive branch—"Let us have Peace!" He devotes one-third of his address to paying England gold for her Alabama bonds—one-third to play out the sons of labor—one-third to low wages, factories closed, bankruptcy and starvation, to please England. Thirty-nine millions of our people have no bonds; yet you workingmen must dig three thousand millions of gold, out of your mines, in twenty years, to pay England for her two hundred millions of *paper*, advanced after she had killed a million of our men, rolled up a national debt of three thousand million, swept our commerce off the seas, insulted our flag, thrown our citizens into bastiles, and refused to pay our honest claims. (Cries of "Shame, shame.") England must be paid in *gold*, for this, says Grant; but you, workingmen, must be content with currency. The inaugural is all for the bondholder—not a word about our claims.

NO "PAY OR FIGHT," IN THE INAUGURAL.

No "Pay or fight—release our citizens, or *war!*" (Applause.) It contains not a word about our dishonored flag; oh, no! *that* would hurt the English feeling. Belonging to the English Ring, *that* would not do. Grant was elected in Downing street. Peabody made the pool; and, to-morrow, we will see if the Peabody trustees do not fill the cabinet, and hold all the good offices. If so we are sold worse than with Johnson. If not—I shall be glad to be mistaken. But the inaugural looks very much as though Grant was no Fenian—no American—but all *English!* No war—no manhood—no independence—but owned and managed by the English Ring. God save our country. (Applause.) If Grant will declare war if our flag is not restored, all will be well; but his inaugural is without a word of demand—not a line of American in it—gold for England—currency for America. We asked for bread—he gave us a stone. We working men are sold, I fear—and the English Ring has captured our new President. We will have war with England. (Cheers.) Nothing else will answer. And if Grant has sold out, he may cry Peace, but there will be no peace for England so long as a million of Irish boys follow my lead, to save America and free Ireland. (Loud Applause.)

A MILITARY DESPOTISM.

Is this a Republic? Are we under military rule? *Let us have Peace.* Are we to pay forty millions for forty-five thousand soldiers? Are we to be governed by a military staff? "I shall do this: I will advise Congress; I will veto." Is the cabinet a council of war? Will the *People* be represented? Who will speak for the ten millions of Teutons? Who for the ten millions of Celts? (Applause.) What German, what Irishman, what Representative of the Republic, will he appoint? Are we to pay tribute to Cæsar? Are the Peabody secession trustees to rule an Independent Republic? (Cries of "No.") Let us have Peace. (Applause.) But what peace can there be in shutting up these factories and throwing your working men into the street? Are your houses to be owned by the Alabama bondholder? What peace is there in paying the widows and orphans in paper currency, and the murderer who made them so, in *gold*,—gold that labor produces? Why should Gen. Grant, when we have chased a burglar out of the house send over a messenger to England with the burglar's tools? (Sensation.) Let us have Peace. Down with the Peabody trustees.

IS IT A FREE TRADE CABINET?

Suppose, continued Mr. Train, warming up under the excitement of foreshadowing events,—suppose you should wake up to-morrow morning, and find a Peabody trustee Secretary of the Treasury—some A. T. Stewart, who has built up a gigantic monopoly on the wrecked hulks of a thousand New York bankrupt merchants—and one hundred thousand starving needle women. Suppose you find over the portal of the Treasury, these words—"UP WITH THE RICH AND DOWN WITH THE POOR!" Read the inaugural. Grant says that. This is his autocratic order. Shut up those Silver factories over there—Close that Woolen mill—throw those Comb workers out of employment—Let the Cutlery works be idle—Wipe out all the manufacturing of Meriden—because I am a Free Trade President—I am for Tammany—I have fooled the Republican party—I have played out the Chicago convention—for I am for Free Trade and Specie Payment. England stood by me; I will stand by England Am I not a Peabody trustee? Is not Stewart? What has Stewart ever done for the Fenians?—for the sons and daughters of Labor? *Ye three thousand millions of property invested in American industry, rally to the rescue, for the new administration is for Free Trade, by order of the English Ring!*

MR. TRAIN'S GREAT SPEECH

ON AMERICAN FINANCE AND AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

MR. TRAIN'S raid through the manufacturing districts of New England—talking every night to a Celtic army—has planted seed that will bear a rich harvest. Nobody else can reach the Irish voters. His entire speech at Lawrence, Mass., would fill a dozen pages of THE REVOLUTION. We give but a sketch. It should be copied throughout the land.

* * * * * *

UP WITH AMERICAN MANUFACTURES AND DOWN WITH ENGLISH IMPORTS.

MR. TRAIN—Under the English Free Trade Revenue Tariffs we had four bank panics ('27, '37, '47, '57), general bankruptcy, the sheriff's hammer always going, the highest interest in the world, and our prosperity solely depending on England's putting on the specie-paying screws, while the Protective Tariffs (1828, 1842 and 1860) always restored prosperity; the one augmenting values, the other diminishing them; the country retrograding under the English system, advancing under the American system; immigration pouring in under Protection and going away under Free Trade. (Applause.)

CIVILIZED LEGISLATION.

Do not Prussia, Russia, Austria and France continue prosperous by refusing to be fooled by the English Free Trade policy, which ruined Ireland, India, Jamaica, and Portugal, and makes wages in Turkey five cents a day, and five shillings a month in India? The only way we can save America from ruin and decay is to vote at once for two thousand millions of greenbacks, which will act as a prohibitory tariff and raise wages by reinstating American industry. (Loud applause.)

BARBAROUS LEGISLATION.

This exchanging wheat, corn, cotton, flour, lumber and gold for toothpicks and chignons; this selling labor for food, corn and wool for clothes, instead of placing producer and consumer along side of each other; this exporting raw products and importing them manufactured, clearly prove that America has made no progress over the barbarous ages, and that China and Japan are far ahead of us in statesmanship. That we should export cloth, not cotton; iron, not corn; machinery, not wool; and should import only men, women, and children, as artisans, farmers and laborers. (Applause.)

ENGLAND ON THE BRAIN.

That McCulloch's English policy of enriching those already wealthy, and impoverishing those already poor; benefitting lenders and harassing tax-payers; augmenting the cost of living in ratio of luxuries imported; causing absenteeism to drain away our enterprise and gold; creates a great moneyed aristocracy and starving workmen; making our bonds pay twice the interest paid on French rentes and English consuls, and three times as much as our farmers and artisans can make. (That's so.) That, having tried in vain to make the traveller shed his coat with the Wind of contraction, it is only fair to try the Sun of expansion; and that the Secretary's spasmodic, epileptic jumps towards specie payments show a disordered stomach, bad liver, impaired digestion, torpid skin, dyspeptic temper, and a national tendency to hemorrhoids, apoplexy, and premature national death. (Loud laughter at the expense of the English Secretary of the Treasury.)

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A SARCASTIC SKETCH OF ENGLAND'S FRIENDSHIP, AND REVERDY JOHNSON'S TOADYISM.

Our population is forty millions (40,000,000), divided as follows: Four millions (4,000,000) Africans, only six millions Anglo-Saxons, ten millions (10,000,000) Celtic, and ten millions (10,000,000) German origin, and ten millions (10,000,000) of all other races.

Reverdy Johnson represents the white and colored native American, or Know-Nothing, ten millions; when he says that America and England are one, he should add that England is *the* one, and that he does not act for the other thirty millions, they belonging to the *Pay or Fight*, or Know-Something party. (Applause.) Reverdy Johnson don't begin to express the love that the American flunkies and toadies bear towards England. The recollections of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill are as ice cream to our palate. '76 and 1812 are the fondest of memories. Yorktown is a bonbon, and that Jackson at New Orleans is as incense to our nostrils England has been, is now, and always shall be, our wet nurse—America not yet having arrived at the age of puberty, probity, or propriety. (Loud laughter.) England, having made the war, killed a million (1,000,000) of men; rolled up three thousand millions (3,000,000,000) of debt; swept four million (4,000,000) tons of commerce off the seas; thrown our citizens into bastiles, and insulted, in every way, our flag; our Minister, Reverdy Johnson, has entirely underrated the affection that the dress-circle of America has for our "dear English Cousins;" he has not done justice to the subject; we love England more than he states; he has been so busy in shoveling in the roast beef, and pouring down the port, he has forgotten to state that Americans are willing to eat dirt forever, provided the English Minister at Washington will invite us to his banquets. (Laughter.) In order to show the affection of the thirty millions of "foreigners" in America, follow the example of San Francisco, Montana, and the frontier towns along the line of the Pacific Railroad, and organize a Vigilance Committee (composed of those disfranchised Americans, whose countrymen are dying in British dungeons), dressed as "Mohawk Indians," and tear down the British Legation and British Consulates brick by brick, and throw the British Consul and British Minister into a convict cell at Fort Lafayette. (Loud and exciting cheers.)

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WHIPPING THE ENGLISH DEVIL ROUND THE AMERICAN STUMP.

In all my lectures I have shown that, as our finances were in a state of syncope and tetanus, arising from ignorance or treachery in our financial and political guardians, the burden of the taxes and the debt falling upon the poor, so as to save the rich, it was necessary that a free people should express free opinions and protest against this English influence in American affairs. (That's so.) That our Secretary of the Treasury was a British nincompoop, and our Secretary of State an English informer, our President an obstinate cuss, who, in the hands of Seward, didn't know whether he was on foot or a horseback in his *my policy* ignorance. (Loud laughter.) That McCulloch's shuttlecock and battledoor lay with the gold market—hide-and-go-seek policy with the Stock Exchange—thimble-rigging knavery of the currency, "to be continued"—"solution in our next"—plan of specie payments, clearly proves that he loaded the dice and packed the cards, with his confederates in England, to swindle our nation, and make our laboring men sell their American birthright for an English mess of potash. (Laughter and applause.)

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEN AND NOW.

That the greenback is the telegraph; the promisory note is the mail-bag; while gold is the old pack-horse system of credit. The first is the locomotive; the second the stage coach; the third the mule team. That the government, at the commencement of the war, allied with the many—now with the few: then with the American people—now with the British monopolists. Then with labor, now with capital. That McCulloch's system of throwing all the nation's currency blood into its financial heart in New York, leaves the rest of the body, southward and west, paralyzed. (True.) That while destroying enterprise an speculation in the country, he creates it in the city—that Law, Necker, Pitt, or Biddle, at the zenith of their swindling speculations, never had the power to create the same mischief as this one-horse Indiana banker, who toadies England, coddles Alabama bondholders, raises interest, increases debt, destroys industry, paralyzes trade, and thus, through stupidity or knavery, driving the nation at railroad speed into repudiation. (Sensation and applause.)

* * * * * *

THERE IS NO INFLATION.

With $400,000,000 Greenbacks and fractional currency, $300,000,000 Bank notes, $100,000,000 gold in Treasury, $100,000,000 in people's hands, we have only $900,000,000 currency in 1869, against $450,000,000 in 1859. Then the aggregate property of the nation was but $15,000,000,000, now it is $30,000,000,000. But then there were $2,000,000,000 notes from 30 days to two years afloat, making the currency some $2,400,000,000 or 15 per cent. for margin. Now Government bonds have done away with this note currency to a great extent, and we have only $900,000,000 of currency for $30,000,000,000 or about 3 per cent. for margin. (That's so), hence everybody who has been boasting since

the war, is getting tired of rolling the big wheel up hill and talks specie payments to produce a panic. So they, having put their property out of their hands, can escape in the general smash—*with honor*. (Laughter.) They court Panic, Stay Laws and Bankruptcy, because it is English. Our Pro-English Bankers, entirely Anti-American in their sentiments, force specie payments because it is Free Trade. Their motto is: Life to England and Death to America. (Hear.)

LET US HAVE FREE BANKING IN AMERICA, IN ORDER TO HEAD OFF ENGLAND.

Our English National Bank system builds up the city at the expense of the country, while free banking would build up the country without injuring the city; their city banks bring in deposits which is currency, and the country banks having no deposits, hence no circulation, no currency. The National Banks do a business of four thousand millions a year, and a clear profit of sixty millions, or fifteen per cent. (most of which, including their capital, they have sunk in private Wall street speculations (sensation), while labor only brings an average of three per cent. (That's so.) Two hundred millions of bank currency were given to the East and North, leaving but one hundred millions for the South and West—Massachusetts, for instance, with 1,300,000 population, having one-fifth the whole, or sixty millions, while Illinois, with 3,000,000 population, has but eleven millions of currency. (Shame on such English monopoly.)

OVERBOARD WITH THE ENGLISH JACKASSES.

A lot of Alabama bondholding jackasses, in the English Ring that controls Grant, are trying to draw a hundred carloads of English merchandise up the steep grade of specie payment through Secretary Boutwell. (Laughter.)

Let the Labor Congress of the nation, the Woman Suffrage Conventions, the Co-operative Societies of the land, all combine their united powers against the English Devil fish, that is changing our Republic into a monarchy, and our American freemen into British slaves. The American Congress must no longer be an appendage to the British Parliament. The English shall not hold a mortgage on every unborn American child, for generations, thus discounting our posterity with the hideous nightmare of perpetual servitude, sacrificing the life-blood earnings of fifty thousand men every day, or four millions of men before the debt could be liquidated on the Alabama bondholder plan. (Applause and a decided sensation among the working men present.)

BOUTWELL COPIES FATHER ABRAHAM.

Because Abraham paid silver for the Brook Kedron, and Judas sold his Saviour for coin, it is no reason why America should follow the Charles Second, Massachusetts in 1749, Continental French assignats, Confederate Bond plan of repudiation, indorsed by McCulloch, Greeley, Sherman and the New York Chamber of Commerce; specie payment is rank repudiation; bankruptcy gives no taxes and no taxes is repudiation; hence American workingmen decline following the repudiation example of Greece, Turkey, Portugal, Spain, Mexico, and the South American republics to please the Barings, Browns and Rothschilds, who fatten off the American laboring man. (Cries of Down with the English Devil-fish.)

HOW TO PREVENT REPUDIATION.

The only way to prevent Repudiation is at once to pay off the two thousand millions of Alabama bonds with greenbacks (applause), thus abolishing for ever the despotic, feudal age system of specie payments, emancipating ourselves from Europe during all time, and shutting out the four hundred millions of foreign trash that annually swamps our American industry. (Applause.) As France and England were allied with Spain against our flag in the great rebellion, America at once should cknowledge the Cuban revolutionists as belligerants, so that we can remain strictly neutral and can cover the ocean with Alabamas, and go into the pirate business on a grand scale, the Fenians agreeing to furnish soldiers and sailors free of cost, on being guaranteed the freedom of Ireland. (Loud cheers for the Celtic army of invasion.)

* * * * * * *

WHAT IS SLAVERY?—ENGLAND'S INFAMY TO MANKIND.

Man is a slave where raw materials are law; competition in purchasing labor makes man free; free trade promoted sectionalism—sectionalism promoted slavery—killed Clay in '44—elevated Polk, and sowed the seed of the great rebellion; our farmers are England's gardeners; our laboring men England's slaves; our merchants England's agents, and our fashionable women the serfs of European customs. (Sensation and true.) The monied monopoly, trading despotism, high art swindling system of England has left her without a friend under heaven and no virtue on earth; bankrupting and pauperizing her people, this old he-harlot of nations, has caused periodical famines in Ireland, starvation wages in India and Turkey; decaying trade in Portugal and Spain; opium demoralization in China; turned Australia into a tallow chandler's shop and sheepwalk; made Nova Scotia and New Brunswick (both loaded with coal and ore) import all their iron, and send Canada emigrating over the border, because deprived of home protection. This infamous system results in placing squalid poverty and venality in rags, along side luxurious wealth, in silks and satins. (Applause.)

THE VILLANY OR STUPIDITY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Let us adopt the self-evident truths, that uncertainty in tariff paralyzes all enterprise; that England's friendship is the poisoned shirt of Nessus to Hercules; that all barbarous nations raise raw produce for distant markets as America is doing; that the mine and the furnace is the base of our industrial pyramid; that shutting them up starves our workmen; that all nations not paralyzed by England's friendship are prosperous; that the democratic party invented bankruptcy, repudiated State debts, created shin plasters, impoverished labor, made money thirty and forty per cent. in the West, and always sided with England against Ireland (the more shame); that our grain exports are not enough to pay for cloth and iron imported that should be made at home; that absenteeism, the curse of Ireland, is fast becoming the curse of America; that Charles Summer always voted on industrial questions with the slaveholding oligarchy: that Massachusetts, in policy, is the England of America; that being rich in factories, capital and currency—her senators, to destroy the rising manufacturers of the South and West, cry, "Down with the tariff," and the only way to checkmate this un-American statesmanship, is for the Fenian Brotherhood to adopt as the chief plank of the Know-Something party—Prohibition against all foreign manufacturers as the sure method to produce high wages for labor, and establish American industry. (Loud cheers for Prohibition and cries of Death to England.)

* * * * * * *

ENGLAND'S DOWNFALL.

The second English Henry, authorized by the first English Pope Adrian, empowered Earl Strongbow to subdue Ireland in 1172. England has been seven hundred years in stamping out the Irish with lash, gibbet and dungeon. English tyranny and despotism must come to an end on or before the anniversary of the seventh century of Ireland's subjection, which, singularly enough, happens in 1872, the Presidential year that the Celtic race elect a Fenian President through the gigantic organization of the Know-Something party. (Loud cheers).

HOW WILL YOU DO IT?

By enfranchising woman. One million Irish votes already. Add one million Irish girls, and two millions of votes is one-third the voting power. (Applause.) These voters will follow my lead for Temperance and Father Mathew, to the cry of Down with Restellism and up with the children of virtue. (Loud applause.)

WE MUST ACKNOWLEDGE CUBA AS A BELLIGERENT.

As Spain sided with France and England against our flag, in the civil war, acknowledged the Southern Confederacy, as belligerents, and allowed rebel pirates to anchor in Spanish harbors, it is the duty of the American government, whose corner stone is freedom, to immediately act on this European precedent, and acknowledge the Cuban "rebels" as "belligerents" so that slavery may be abolished in Cuba, and American merchants put out Alabamas on their Christian mission of piracy on the high seas, and afterwards let some Spanish Reverdy Johnson make speeches in this country to show how Spain loves America, and finally refer the claims to some friendly power—England for instance. (Loud applause.)

CUBA WAS ONCE WASHED AWAY FROM AMERICA.

Cubans are men and sisters. (Laughter.) Let us have Peace and Cuba. We do not want Canada, but give us Cuba, our Christian mission is to abolish slavery. Let us adopt the Cubans and free the slaves. (Loud cries of We will.)

DOWN WITH THE ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC POLITICIANS AND UP WITH THE AMERICAN PEOPLE—OPENING THE EYES OF THE BLIND.

Democratic politicians have fooled the Irish, nullified their voting power, inflated them with fulsome flattery and lying tongues previous to election, making them vote free trade, causing starvation prices for labor, thereby assisting England in stamping out Ireland, and impoverishing America. (That's so, D—m 'em.)

The Democratic party has had nothing but "niggers and whiskey" for a platform since Jackson's death. (Laughter.) The centre of gravity of all legislative corruption is in the Treasury, as shown in Downing street, Tammany and Washington. (Applause.) While the Democratic Bourbons have always placed the Irish in antagonism to the negro and against all reform, saddling their secession proclivities and war-a-failure copperheadism upon them, they have never done anything to free Ireland or elevate her race in America. (That is true.)

TERRIBLE SEA SICKNESS OF THE IRISH.

While the Irish are strong enough to carry all the canals, railways docks, werehouses, mines, factories and all industrial enterprises in the land, on their backs—bearing, as they always do, the burden—acting as hewers of wood and drawers of water—they will not longer carry the Democratic party and Tammany Hall upon their stomach, it having in its disloyal Free Trade, Gold Paying Johnson-Seward-and-Johnson Policy, made them so sea-sick, they hereby, now and forever, throw this incubus of corruption overboard. (Loud laughter and cries of We will.)

THE KNOW-SOMETHING PARTY.

The Fenians in organizing the Know-Something party based upon the grand ideas, of taking Ireland out of the clouds, walking erect in policemen's presence, creating a new set of Fitzgeralds and Emmets, throwing O'Connell overboard, as either a traitor or a coward, hissing Moriarty and cheering McHale, establishing Father Mathew Societies, and closing up whiskey dens, voting for American industry, and educating their children in American ideas—are doing more for Irish Independence than all the organizations ever have to free their native land. (Loud cheers for the Fenians.)

WHAT HORATIO SEYMOUR COST THE IRISH VOTERS.

The loss of one day's labor (election day) of one million voters amounts to two million dollars, and adding one million more spent on the democratic election—the Fenians threw away three million dollars on Seymour—a sum larger than both branches of the Fenians ever collected, and half as much as O'Connell stole in the repeal swindle, from 1829 to 1843; but in spite of the Sham Squire secession (Hisses for Meehan) and John Mitchell's nonsensical attack, the Fenians have kept the Irish race under discussion, elevated the people, stopped agrarianism, protected American manufactures, lost two hundred thousand fighting for the Union (cheers), disestablished the Irish Church, educated Ireland to liberty, broken Tammany Hall, checkmated Reverdy Johnson—(Hisses for Johnson. Mr. Train.—Don't hiss Reverdy, he will represent the Pro-English sentiment in America)—elected Grant, thrown Seward and Stanton out of the new administration, and made the Irish cause a prominent question in all the cabinets of the world. (Loud applause). Boys, let us stand by Catholicism and Catholicism must stand by Ireland; Mother church must go hand in hand with Fenian brother for fatherland; let *sic semper tyrannis* be the Fenian cry. *Delende est Brittania.* Do or die. (Loud and continued applause—Mr. Train having wrought his large Catholic audience to intense excitement for Irish liberty.)

THE MONEY MARKET

closed unsettled and active on Saturday. The minimum rate was 7 per cent. in currency, and 7 per cent. coin was paid for a large amount of loans. The weekly bank statement shows an increase in loans of $1,428,607; deposits, $1,112,541; legal-tenders, $1,135,249; and circulation, $50,865. The specie is decreased $2,145,365.

The following table shows the changes in the New York city banks this week compared with the preceding week:

	March 13.	March 20.		Differences
Loans,	$261,699,695	$263,098,302	Inc.	$1,428,607
Specie,	17,368,671	15,213,306	Dec.	2,145,365
Circulation,	34,690,445	34,741,310	Inc.	50,865
Deposits,	182,392,458	183,504,999	Inc.	1,112,541
Legal-tenders,	49,639,625	50,774,874	Inc.	1,135,249

THE GOLD MARKET

was weaker throughout the week, and closed dull and steady on Saturday.

The fluctuations in the gold market for the week were as follows:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
Monday, M'h 15,	131	131⅝	130⅞	131⅛
Tuesday, 16,	131⅛	131⅜	131⅜	131⅜
Wednesday, 17,	131⅞	131⅞	131⅜	131⅛
Thursday, 18,	131¼	131¼	130¾	131
Friday, 19,	130¾	131⅛	130⅛	131
Saturday, 20,	131	131⅛	130¾	131

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

was dull and unsettled throughout the week. Prime bankers 60 days sterling bills are quoted 108¼ to 108⅜, and 108¾ for sight.

THE RAILWAY SHARE MARKET

closed heavy, and declined on Saturday with a tendency towards lower prices, owing to the stringency in money and the probable calling in of a number of loans next week.

The following are the closing quotations :

Cumberland, 34 to 37 ; W., F. & Co. Ex., 30½ to 31 ; American, 40½ to 41; Adams, 58½ to 58¾; United States, 54½ to 55 ; Mert's Union, 16 to 17 ; Quicksilver, 20 to 20½ ; Canton, 59 to 60 ; Pacific Mail, 88¼ to 88⅛ ; W. U. Telegraph, 38 to 38⅛; N. Y. Central, 156¾ to 156⅞ ; Erie, 33⅛ to 33⅜ ; Hudson River, 139 to 139¼ ; Reading, 91½ to 91¾; Toledo Wabash & W., 66¾ to 67 ; Tol., Wabash & W. preferred, 75 to 77½; Mil. & St. Paul, 69⅛ to 69¾ ; Mil. & St. Paul preferred, 78¾ to 79 ; Fort Wayne, 119½ to 119⅝; Ohio & Miss., 32⅛ to 32½; Mich. Central, 117⅜ to 120 ; Mich. Southern, 95¾ to 95⅞ ; Illinois Central, 138½ to 140; Cleve. & Pitts., 87 to 87½ ; Cleve. & Toledo, 105⅛ to 105¾ ; Rock Island, 127¾ to 128 ; North Western, 84⅛ to 84¼; North Western pref., 91⅝ to 91¾: Boston W. P., 17 to 17⅜ ; Bos., Hart. & Erie, 25⅛ ; Mariposa, 19⅛ to 19¼ ; Mariposa preferred, 35¼ to 35½.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES

were firm and steady, but towards the close of Saturday were irregular and lower.

Fisk & Hatch, 5 Nassau street, report the following quotations :

United States sixes, Pacific Railroad, 103⅛ to 103¾ ; United States sixes, 1881, registered, 116¼ to 116½ ; United States sixes, coupon, 116½ to 116⅝ ; United States five-twenties, registered, 113½ to 114 ; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1862, 118¼ to 118⅞ ; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1864, 114¾ to 114⅞ ; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1865, 116¾ to 116⅞ ; United States five-twenties, coupon, new, 1865, 113¾ to 113½ ; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1867, 113¼ to 113⅜ ; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1868, 113¾ to 113½ ; United States ten-forties, registered, 105¼ to 105⅜ ; United States ten-forties, coupon, 105¾ to 105½.

THE CUSTOM DUTIES

for the week were $3,101,162 in gold against $2,741,276 $3,261,816 and $3,617,749 for the preceding weeks. The imports of merchandise for the week were $6,246,407 in gold against $7,021,605, $7,255,441, and $4,762,501 for the preceding weeks. The exports, exclusive of specie, were $2,676,000 in currency against $2,865,839, $2,108,676, and $3,961,173 for the preceding weeks. The exports of specie were $181,332 against $304,228, $507,843, and $1,093,967 for the preceding weeks.

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